THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 37. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HIBERNIAN GOSSIP.

Some Counsel Dealt Out Trenchantly to Members of the Order in Regard to the Choosing of Officers.

The Kind That Should Not Be Selected, Simply Because They Are Called "Good Fellows."

The progress of the A. O. H. is so satisfactory and encouraging to the well wishers of the Order that many careful eyes are scanning the material of the organization, to see if there is anything in its makeup which may some future day interfere with its efficiency or hamper its prosperity. In days of progress, prominence and prosperity many rush to join a society, whose presence is oft times a danger and a menace, when they have secured a foothold. These men do not value a society for any good it may accomplish for a race collectively, in a moral or educational standpoint; they value it only for the grist it brings to their mill. They look on the society much as the enterprising swindler does on the most respectable hotel he can select for his headquarters, as a good place to date from. We have had those individuals within our ranks in days gone by, and we cannot yet forget what an injury they were to our society. We must be careful that this species of parasite does not succeed in finding a home within our divisions. The class referred to is one of the dangers to be avoided among the rank and file. Three months from now we will be engaged in the selection of the presidents of our various divisions, and it behooves us even at this early date to note some of the characteristics which hurt a division when noticeable in an official.

To be effective in management, a president must be a gentleman. Some of my friends may interpret the word "gentleman" differently from the writer, but I have always held it does not require a college training, or silk or fine linen to entitle the individual to the badge of "gentleman." No matter how slow the tongue or uncouth the appearance, the gentle manner, kindly regard for others feelings, and respect for the common-sense convenience of every-day life will always win repute for gentlemanly behavior. Those who observe proprieties such as referred to will ever be good officers in a division when they couple those qualities with knowledge and impartial administration of the Constitution and by-laws. We, however, have no danger hidden or public which causes so much trouble in our ranks, drives so many from our society, kills more divisions and blasts more effectively the hopes of progress, than inefficient ignorant officials. The negligent incompetent secretary, the vulgar bull-dozing president, the churlish, impertinent official crank weary the workers and disgust the sympathisers, who generally form the bulk of our attendance, except on gala occasions, when the "seldom seen" flock to sit on the platform.

The existence of the class of officials referred to, is owing to the fact that our thoughtless ones, generally the "seldom seen," come to meeting on election night and assist in foisting on a division a "good fellow." For a few months he is somewhat subdued, until he feels easier in unaccustomed elevation, then, to use a vulgar phrase, "he begins to feel his oats." The turning of the leaf is sometimes due to one cause sometimes to another. It generally commences with an attack of "swelled head," and, egged on by a few, who would laugh loudest at his fall, the poor fellow makes a display of obstinacy in misinterpretation of the laws. This is followed by a display of bitter feeling when speaking from the chair, and culminates generally in an outbreak which causes so much disgust among the rank and file that they absent themselves from meeting until election comes around to afford them an opportunity of getting rid of the bugbear. The worst feature of this is that many of the absentees are dropped, and the admirers of decorum(?) in the chair re-elect the obnoxious one. Disagreement with the presididg officer, or dissatisfaction with his administration of the laws, should not deter us from attending the meetings. We should be present to watch over the interests of the division and point out the errors when same occur. The secretary, notifying only his friends, carrying them in good standing when in debt to the division, disregarding the commands of his superior officers, and inattentive to the duties of his office, should be got rid of if any is to be found.

I have written the foregoing with a view of causing our members to think, to induce them to look around and see if any of the types of officers referred to are among us. I have no reason to believe we have any of this class of officers in our chairs, but if we have, for the sake of our order, retire them, and if there are any aspiring for office who may, in your judgment, prove on experience to become like the description given, better have none than elect such. I will each week point out some of the dangers I have noticed in my lengthened experience in other societies, and submit them for our brothers' consideration.

The question of Sunday picnics is becoming in many societies one of somewhat warm discussion, and may perhaps arise as a topic for debate at our meetings. It would be well for our brothers who are anxious for the good opinion of the community in which we live, to note the fact that as a whole, the American element supported in their opinion by the Catholic clergy, do not approve of the Sunday picnics. The plea may be made that "we are a body of poor men." The plea has little weight. As a race we are no poorer than any other nationality which has raised the exile's tent on American soil. On the contrary, mentally and morally we are far richer than most orders. Our working people can obtain a holiday from their employers on any day they select. The employers know that "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy." They are not so grudging as some would have people to believe. Will it tend to make our youth more mindful of the influences of the Day of the Lord? Will it tend to soften their spirits to the teaching of the religion of which we are the devoted children? Clap-trap about liberty of thought and action is not argument. We must be Catholics and Hibernians. We cannot be Hibernians and not Catholics. Give the matter serious thought brothers of the A. O.H. Much of the future standing of your society depends on your action in this matter.

I am glad to say Division No. 2 is progressing favorably. The little difficulties encountered at the outset are being overcome, and in a few weeks No. 2 will be fast overtaking its neighbor No. 17. I am glad to be able to report that quite an interest is being taken in the approaching entertainment of the Ancient Order. It is suggested by many that extra pains be taken to make the programme one worthy of the Order. Let the talent be of a high character. Let the music be our music, the harmony of Irish not alien bands. The address should be delivered by a veteran of the Order, whose knowledge and acquaintance with its objects will make the impression we desire on the audience we will gather.

The monument for the mortuary lot of the A. O. H. will be a splendid granite block, not less than twenty-five feet high. The occasion of its dedication should be one of great importance in the history of Cook County Hibernianism.

Morgan County Hibernians had their outing on Wednesday, the 11th inst. It was a splendid gathering of the best people in the county, and was held in Jocksonville. State President Keating, though invited, was unable, through previous engagements, to be with his brothers. He was ably represented by Hon. James A. O'Donnell of Bloomington, who held the thousands that crowded the grove spell-bound with his eloquence. There are great days in store for the young orator of McLean County. If energy, wit and eloquence are any factor in future success, the young editor of the Bloomington *Bulletin* may feel confident of his future.

Next week's letter will touch again on suggestions for local consideration, and have news of the A. O. H. in other States. I hope to be able to make some favprable comparisons between Illinois of to-day and our sister States. E. R.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

The funeral of Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan, which took place on Sunday, Aug. 8, from the residence of his mother, No. 305 South Jefferson street, was one of the largest seen for some time. One hundred letter-carriers, in full uniform, accompanied the remains to St. Patrick's church. Mr. Sullivan entered the government service when a mere boy, and served faithfully up to the time of his death, which occured on Friday morning, Sept. 6. He was also a member of the Seventh Regiment, and while on picket duty at the time of the great strike, he was picked up unconscious at his post, and he hovered between life and death for over a week; he rallied, however, and took a trip up north for a few months, returning somewhat improved in health, and again resumed his duties. He was an ideal son and as gentle as a child. The floral offerings were quite numerous, among the most notable of which was a lamp-post, with his number, 69½, on the lamp and a letter-box attached, with U. S. Mail inscribed in letters of red roses. Mr. Sullivan was 25 years and 6 months old, and his death is a sad blow to his widowed mother, and also to his uncle, Mr. T. D. Clifford. May he rest in peace.

Campania Lowers Her Record.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—The steamship Campania, of the Cunard Line, which arrived this morning, reduced her own westward record from Queenstown by twenty-three minutes. She made the run in 5 day, 9 hours and 6 minutes. Her best previous record was made when she entered this port on Aug. 17 last year, being 5 days, 9 hours and 29 minutes. The Lucania holds the ocean record, which she gained last September, speeding westward in 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes. The average hourly speed was twenty-one and forty-nine-hundredths knots. The fast trip of the Cunarder made matters convenient for her 717 first and second-cabin passengers. They embarked at Liverpool at 4:30 o'clock last Saturday, and in less than six days they were on the pier in this city, ready to depart to their homes.

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS

To the West and Northwest.

On Aug. 29, Sept. 10 and 24, 1895, the Northwestern Line will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the West and Northwest at very low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

PARIS AND GALWAY.

A Well Known Young Lawyer of Chicago Enjoys a Trip to the French Capital and the "City of the Tribes."

Neglected Condition of the Grave of Marshal Ney in the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise—Peculiarities of the Old Irish Town by the Beautiful Corrib.

[To the Editor.]

July 14, in Paris is a gala day, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, and it was my good fortune to spend that day there. The public buildings and streets in the neighborhood of the Hotel de Ville were illuminated, the brilliancy of the illumination equaling, if not exceling, the Court of Honor at the World's Fair. On every street corner in Paris bands were playing and people dancing, the streets being turned into one grand ball-room. Besides this the parade, the display of armed forces, etc., made it a sight worth seeing. I now have a better opinion of the French soldiery, for those I saw on review that day were specimens of the ideal soldier.

Becoming weary of the noise and confusion of the merry crowd, I sought a secluded spot and drove to Pere La Chaise. Having spent several hours wandering through this old historic cemetery, and finding no grave marked with the name I sought, I went to the pastor of the little chapel in the cemetery and asked him if he could point out the grave of Marshal Ney. He informed me that he did not know, but would try and find it for me, which he did by sending an old woman, who, in a few minutes, brought us to a lot at the end of one of the principal avenues in the cemetery. This lot is enclosed by a dilapidated iron fence, which is completely covered with ivy. Within this rude railing the weeds have choked the few wild flowers which were growing there and have given a very neglected look to the place. The old woman stooped and brushed the dust away from the stone step leading to the lot, disclosing the word "Ney," which had been rudely cut by a pocket-knife. We were informed by our guide that an American, some years ago, after having a great deal of trouble in finding the grave, and seeing nothing to indicate whose remains were interred there, cut the name of "Ney," and to this day it is the only mark on that neglected spot which contains the remains of the "bravest of the brave." How different the resting place of his chief and of his fellow-marshals whose tombs are worthy of their heroic deeds.

Says a writer of repute: "The grave of Ney has no cenotaph or even a simple head-stone to tell the passer-by who it is that lies within the lichen-covered iron railing, and few there are who recognize it unless prompted by individual interest in the intrepid and unfortunate soldier, or by curiosity and the wildness of the neglected and uncared-for spot." And it is in no better condition today.

After doing Paris for six days, seeing the city of which so much has been said and written, I started for Ireland, the home of my forefathers, and landed in Dublin. The place which most interested me was the old Parliament House. I did not enter. The exterior was all I wished to see, on account of its past glory and history. The thought that money-changers should desecrate the halls where once an Irish parliament made laws for Ireland, was too much for me, and I hurried on to the west, the place that last succumbed to the invader. When some four hours out from Dublin, on the Midland Railroad, the guard called out Athlone, and to the right of us was the hill on which St. Ruth took his position before the famous siege.

People visiting Ireland should not fail to see Galway, It is the starting point for Connemara, and the wildest parts of Ireland. It is the gate of the West, the City of the tribes, and a strange and curious looking place with strange people. One can see, side by side, houses of modern nineteenth century style and architecture and others that date back as far as the tenth century. The streets are most irregular, running in all directions, Eyre Square being their starting point, which is in the centre of the town. The architecture of the buildings is mostly of Moorish character. Galway, years ago, was a city of merchants, and was of considerable commercial importance. A great deal of trade was carried on between Galway, Spain and Portugal, and the immense warehouses standing today impress one with the glory of this still famous city.

The house of Judge Lynch, in Lombard street, is one of the sights first visited by tourists. Here at one time lived Judge James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, Warden of Galway, who condemned and executed his own son for having, in a fit of insane jealousy, murdered a Spanlard, his guest and dearest friend. Not only did this second Cato sentence the guilty one, but, failing to procure anyone to carry out his sentence, did so himself.

No quainter sight can be seen than Eyre Square presents on a market day. The peasants with their little country carts, the same pattern used over a hundred years ago, all jumbled together as then. It would pay any tourist to be in Galway on that day, for he will see the women in their quaint cloaks and caps and the men in the knee breeches of by-gone days. The River Corib flows through the centre of the town, from the lake of the same name, and empties itself into the bay. This river is famous for its salmon, and I believe nowhere else in the world can you see a fisherman, rod in hand, stand in the centre of a city and land his fish. But this, like all other good things in Ireland, has been gobbled up by the ruthless invader, and in order to fish you are now compelled to pay a Scotchman 10 shillings per day and give up two out of three fish you catch. It is my belief, with a small expenditure of money, that the water-power of the Corrib river could be used so as to make manufacturing very profitable in Galway, and place her once more in the list of commercial and manufacturing towns. But this will never be done as long as England rules Ireland, and England will continue to oppress Ireland and the Irish until compelled to relinquish her hold by physical force. Land acts, land bills, etc., are all right, but my opinion is that the underlying cause of Ireland's poverty is the want of a diversity of occupation for its people and an opportunity for the people to utilize the bounties which Nature has placed in her lap, but this we can never expect until Ireland cuts loose from England and is a free nation.

All this can be seen by the most casual observer, as well in Galway as in any other part of Ireland. Down by the harbor, one of the best in Ireland, so I am informed, is the old Spanish gate, and on the other side is the Claddah, a village of thatched cottages. Its inhabitants are probably the strangest people in Ireland, differing in blood and habits from all the rest of the people, and having their own laws and customs. The people of the Claddah have been a fishing community since the sixth century, and have since then remained unchanged through all vissicitudes of Galway city. A short distance from Galway, on the bay, is Salt Hill, a bathing place, and from the top of Salt Hill one can enjoy the beautiful sea breeze that blows in from the ocean, as the hills of Clare salute you.

FRANK CROWE.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

ARE WE AT PEACE WITH ENGLAND?

I stood on the Nephin's mountain height
And gazed upon a nation's blight,
And thought, while musing on the sight—
Are we at peace with England?

I saw her armies near and far,
In all the pomp and show of war:
The battering-ram, the torch, crowbar—
Are we at peace with England?

I heard the widow's plaintive cry,
I saw her cast adrift, to die
Beneath the dreary Winter sky—
Are we at peace with England?

I saw the fired homesteads blaze,
Their blackened walls, the reeky haze
That palled across the morning rays—
Are we at peace with England?

Our people driven forth like swine
To starve or cross the ocean's brine,
To clear the fields for sheep and kine—
Oh, we're at peace with England!

Our brothers languish in the cells
Of England's feted prison hells,
And eke the groaning scaffold tells—
Are we at peace with England?

Our country bowed with every woe,
Her fields laid waste her homes laid low;
Is this the record Peace can show?—
Are we at peace with England?

Oh, sons of trampled Innisfail,
Ye millions of the scattered Gael!
Arise and strike! let cowards wail
"Are we at peace with England?"

Strike with the weapons best to hand,
Where blow can tell on sea or strand
For freedom; vengeance! native land—
Are we at peace with England?

P.T.M.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the United States Chemical Power Company of Chicago will be held at Room 42, Metropolitan Block, Chicago, at 5 o'clock p. m., on September the 26th 1895, to consider the increase of the number of Directors, the decrease of the amount of capital stock, and such other business as may properly arise. By order of the Directors.

RICARD O'S. BURKE, Secretary.

OFFICIAL CALL

For the Convention of the New Irish Movement to be Held in Chicago Sept. 24, 25 and 25, 1895.

Signatures Attached to the Document.

HEADQUARTERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT, MCCOY'S HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 31, 1895.—*To the Irish-American Citizens of the United States—Friends and Brethren:* The Irish struggle for freedom has reached a momentous period. Ireland, abandoned in the crisis of her fate by the Liberal leaders, is told by the Tory secretary to the Lord Lieutenant that the British government is sternly and unalterably opposed to the granting of any measure of home rule whatever. This is the old policy and the old language employed by successive English governments toward Ireland. She has been alternately betrayed by the Whigs and dragooned by the Tories. Nothing worth her acceptance is to be expected from either of the leading English parties.

Ireland must, therefore, look to her own children and their descendants for support in her great extremity. Parliamentary agitation has had a long and patient trial, but has utterly failed to accomplish its object. It remains for us to consider what other method of procedure or argument can be used to achieve her liberation. The Irish race in America cannot afford to be neutral, or supine, while the motherland is being slowly but surely done to death by the usurping enactments of a foreign and hostile power. In unison with thousands of our race distributed throughout the Union, and after mature deliberation, we, the undersigned, have decided to call a convention of Irish Americans in the city of Chicago to take into consideration the present status of the Irish struggle for freedom, and to devise ways and means best suited to the accomplishment of Ireland's independence.

Now, therefore, said convention is called to meet in the city of Chicago, Ill., at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24, 25 and 26, 1895, the first session thereof to open at 10 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 24.

The qualifications for membership in the convention are agreed upon as follows: All Irish-American military, benevolent, athletic, social, religious and literary organizations that favor the independence of Ireland, and are willing to aid her righteous struggle for liberty, are invited to send delegates to the convention of the New Irish Movement, apportioned in the following manner: One delegate for every fifty members, and one additional for any fraction over fifty; two delegates for every hundred members, and one additional for any fraction over one hundred, and so in proportion.

Individual Irish-Americans, of sound patriotic repute, who indorse the object of the New Movement, and who are willing to give it their aid, will be, on recommendation of the secretary and the indorsement of the committee on credentials, admitted to the privileges of the floor.

All societies eligible under this call are requested to elect their delegates immediately.

Signed, on behalf of our associates in the movement.

John F. Finerty, Acting President, Chicago, Ill.

John P. Sutton, Acting Secretary, 51 West Thirteenth street, New York.

William Lyman, Acting Treasurer, New York City.

John J. O'Connell, Chairman Executive Committee, Chicago, Ill.

John T. Keating, Secretary Executive Committee, M'Coy's Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

John J. Mahony, Lawrence Henely, Francis Agnew, P.V Fitzpatrick, W.H. Joyce, L. R. Buckley, James C. Strain, William McCoy, Martin Mulcahy, J. J. Gubbins, Chicago, Ill.

M. D. Gallagher, M. J. Langan, John D. Carroll, New York.

Maurice F. Wilhere, Patrick O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa.

O'Neill Ryan, Andrew Hoolan, J. J O'Connor, St. Louis, Mo.

M. Cooney, M. C. O'Toole, San Francisco, Cal.

John Fitzpatrick, T. Moroney, New Orleans, La.

William J. Gleason, Patrick Smith, Cleveland, O.

James Killelea, M. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.

C. T. Driscoll, David Callaghan, New Haven, Conn.

Patrick T. Moran, Washington, D.C.

T. A. E. Weadock, M. J. Murphy, Bay City, Mich.

O'Brien J. Atkinson, Fort Gratiot, Mich.

Thomas Greevy, John O'Toole, S. M. Hoyar, Altoona, Pa.

Christopher A. Gallagher, Minneapolis, Minn.

Maurice Donnelly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Thomas J. Dundon, Columbus, O.

John H. Vaughan, West Superior, Wis.

John Guthrie, Wilmington, Del.

Michael Mangan, Fond du Lac, Wis.

John M. Leonard, Fall River, Mass.

P. J. Judge, Holyoke, Mass.

James Ryan, Bernard Curtin, Lynn Mass.

Daniel McGlynn, Thomas Hanifan, East St. Louis, Ill.

Michael F. Lyons, John Murray, Michael J. Bruin, John J. O'Brien, Lowell, Mass.

T. A. McCarthy, W. T. Fitzgerald, Nashua, N.H.

John M. McMahon, John Groves, P. C. Heafy, Omaha, Neb.

John Fitzgerald, John Downs, Thomas Bulger, Peoria, Ill.

William A. Ryan, John R. Collins, T. H. O'Neill, Boston, Mass.

John W. Whalen, John Taafe, W. J. Hanley, Con. Moloney, D. D. O'Gorman, St. Louis, Mo.

J. P Sweeney, W. K. Fitzgerald, Seattle, Wash.

Hugh McGraw, John McNally, Myles Byrne, Fall River, Mass.

W. M. Kelly, Hugh Daly, Garret Kirby, Dennis Shea, James Barry, Anaconda, Mont.

Daniel Fallon, John J. Gardner, Elizabeth, N.J.

Daniel Hannon, Patrick Hyland, Daniel Egan, South Omaha, Neb.

William Fitzgerald, R. D. Lee, John Walsh, Memphis, Tenn.

M. E. Sullivan, James Cassidy, James Hennessy, Danbury, Conn.

John J. Sullivan, P. T. Crowley, Jeremiah Hays, Fitchburg, Mass.

Dennis Sweeney, Joseph Cunningham, D. F. Maguire, Essex County, Mass.

William Whelan, M. B. Roseman, John Jones, Colorado Springs, Colo.

A. J. Long, M. J. Carroll, John M. Daly, Bibb County, Ga.

And many others.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

The Sarsfields defeated the Sheridan hurling team last Sunday afternoon in one of the best played games ever seen on the Gaelic Athletic Association field. From the time Referee Fitzgerald threw the ball into the field the game was a succession of brilliant plays. During the first half the Sheridans had the advantage and kept the ball in the Sarsfield territory most of the time. The score at the end of this half stood two goals and three points to one goal and four points. In the second half the Sarsfields turned the tables and finally won by a score of three goals and eight points to three goals and seven points. The honors of the game were almost equally divided between Cronin and Cooney of the Sarsfields, and Costello, Gooly and Ryan of the Sheridans.

The Sarsfields won the toss and took the north goal. The Sheridans took the aggressive from the start and worked the ball down into Sarsfield territory. Costello scored the first point in two minutes. The ball was knocked into the field, but almost immediately driven back, and Costello put it between the green posts for a goal. Gooly followed with another point. The Sarsfields rallied and O'Mara and Walsh sent the ball across the field. It remained there but a short time, for the Sheridans brought it back and Flinn struck for a goal. The Sarsfields took a turn at getting scores, and Cronin aroused the enthusiasm of the Sarsfield sympathizers by getting a point. Cooney followed with two more points in quick succession. The ball was kept in the centre of the field for same time, and neither side gained any advantage. Mulcahy, Cooney and Ryan made very good drives. Cronin finally knocked the first goal for the Sarsfields. Ryan retaliated with a point for the Sheridans. The ball was kept near the Sheridan goal notwithstanding the good work of Furlong and Gooly. Shaughnessy finally made a good drive and Cronin scored a point just as time was called.

The Sarsfields took up active work in the second half, and Cronin scored. Costello, by good work, made a point for his side, and after some very rapid play drove for a second. The Sarsfields kept the ball near the other goal, and P. Ryan scored the first goal of this half. Cronin followed with a point. There were several lively scrimmages until O. Ryan drove the ball for a goal, followed by a point by Furlong. Costello scored the last point for his side, and the excitement became great, for the Sheridans were in the lead by six points and but five minutes of play were left. The Sheridans played desperately, but by the united work of Hays and Cronin two points were scored and then a final, which won the game just as time was called.

The Grattans and O'Connells were to have played a game of football, but the former failed to appear and the game was awarded to the O'Connells. This places them in the lead, as they have not lost a game this season.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

PIT IS THEIR TOMB

Thirty Men Imprisoned in a Mine by an Incendiary Fire.

EVERY ONE IS DOUBTLESS DEAD.

Heartrending Scenes at the Mouth of the Burning Shaft—Smoke Fills the Drifts and Makes Rescue Impossible—Dead Men the Victims Principally of Their Own Unbelief of Danger.

HOUGHTON, Mich., Sept. 9.—Huge volumes of smoke are still issuing forth from the mouths of shafts Nos. 1, 2 and 3, which shows that the awful fire which started in the Osceola copper mine shortly before noon Saturday is still raging fiercely, and the bodies of the thirty miners entombed are still lying somewhere below the surface, without a doubt dead, suffocated by smoke and gas. The names of the lost so far as can be ascertained at this writing are: Captain Richard Trenbath, shift boss; Richard Bickle, Richard Grenfell, William Bryant, Alexander Daniell, John Cudlip, Thomas Curtis, Robert Johns, William Donald, Barney Elmore, Anton Zycezwicz, Mike Johnson, Peter Stengaard, Frank Lander, Walter Dahl, Joseph Harrington, Frederick Peardon, Isaac Harlow, Mike Voke, Isaac Mattison, Andrew Rossawick, James Wins, M. Cook, Samuel Williams and five Poles whose names are unknown at headquarters.

Would Not Believe Their Danger.

The fire broke out at the twenty-seventh level of the Osceola copper mine, located two miles from Calumet. As Captain Richard Edwards was making his way to No. 3 shaft he smelled wood burning, but some of the miners working in the levels there would not believe there was fire in the mine, as they could not smell any smoke or hear flames crackling. On nearing No. 3 shaft Captain Edwards met Captain Trenbath and a party of men who were looking for the fire, and on reaching the shaft they found a large quantity of logging on fire. Captain Trenbath and a party of men were left to fight the fire below, while Captain Edwards went to the surface to get a hose, but when he returned he found that the smoke had made an up draft instead of a down, and in consequence he had to come back to the surface as fast as possible.

Word was immediately sent to the men in the mine for all to come to the surface, which most of them succeeded in doing, but there still remain in the dry house thirty suits of clothes. The scene at the Opeeche shaft, where many of the men came up, was heartrending, thousands having gathered around the mouth of this shaft, many women and children standing around looking for their husbands and fathers. Searching parties were sent down in Nos. 1 and 2 shafts to try and reach the men from the drifts leading to No. 3 shaft above the twenty-seventh level but they were unsuccessful.

Rescuers Have to Fly for Life.

Captain P. Richards, with a gang of seven men, went down No. 5 shaft and went about 700 feet toward No. 4 shaft when they had to turn and flee for their lives on account of the smoke and gas. Some of these men were very nearly overcome, only reaching the surface in time to save their lives. It is learned that the place where the fire caught was the worst place it could have caught in the whole mine, and the only place in the mine where fire of any extent could have caught. Many of the men that were working several levels below the twenty-seventh, at which point the fire caught, were seen as far up as the eighteenth level, working their way up. Several of the men who escaped claim to have passed others on the ladders, who were unable to proceed further on account of being overcome with smoke and gas.

Charles Weare, a drill boy, went to the bottom of the burning shaft and told the miners of their danger. They did not think it was so bad, and some of them came up the ladders to the seventeenth level, where they thought they would have time to eat lunch. They were there only three minutes when the smoke became intensely dense. Michael Harrington took out some matches to relight the candles which had gone out, but the oxygen had been consumed and the candles would not burn. Groping their way in the dark they went up about 200 feet more, when they lost hope, but one of the miners, crawling on hands and knees, reached the bell wire and signalled to lower the skip. By the sound they knew when it was near and signalled for it to stop. Then they climbed into it and rang for the engineer to hoist. They reached the surface almost suffocated.

Over 200 Underground.

One old miner over 60 years of age picked up a young man who was overcome by the gas and succeeded in carrying him from 200 to 300 feet, when he felt his strength giving out and he had to drop the young fellow to reach surface barely alive himself. At the time the alarm was sounded over 200 men were underground, and all could have escaped had they used proper precautions. Several miners in their flight passed a group of seven or eight men who had stopped to rest and were smoking their pipes. They seemed to be in no hurry or think of danger. When told to hurry to the surface they remarked that they had plenty of time, and not one of them reached the surface.

The skips were kept running up and down all day Saturday in order to give any of the entombed miners a chance to to escape, if they could reach the skip alive, but none came up. Another attempt will be made to reach the men. There is no danger of the bodies being burnt, as it is generally thought that the men escaped from the burning shaft to some of the drifts leading to other shafts, and were overcome by gas and smoke before they could reach a place of safety.

This being the case the bodies will be recovered as soon as the fire is gotten under control and the gases leave the mine. All hope has been given up by the officials of ever rescuing any of the men alive.

Captain P. Richards says that he is positive the fire is of incendiary origin. He does not think that a fire could have originated where it did unless it had been wilfully lighted.

To Pray for Restoration of Pope's Power.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—It is announced that Archbishop Corrigan within a few days will issue a circular to the priests of the archdiocese of New York instructing them to set aside Friday, Sept. 20, the day of the fall of the Quirinal at Rome, as a day of prayer in the Catholic churches for the restoration of the temporal power of the pope.

GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

Kentucky's Metropolis Filled Up with the Boys in Blue.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 10.—Last night the union jack and the pennant proudly waved over the Tell City, the flagship of the fleet of the National Association of Naval Veterans. The Tell City was formally "put in commission" last night. The vessels of the squadron were fully equipped and profusely decorated with flags and bunting. Then they were surrendered to Rear Admiral Allen, commanding the National Association of Naval Veterans, by Captain George Fritschner. Governor John Young Brown, Admiral Allen and others made addresses at the dog watch. Campfires were held in New Albany and Jeffersonville as well as in Louisville, while receptions were tendered Commander Lawler, Admiral Allen, Mrs. Wallace and others.

Among the distinguished visitors are: Corporal Tanner; General R. A. Alger; Inspector General Pond, Lansing, Mich.; J. S. C. Blackburn; W. G. Bradley; General S. B. Buckner; Hon. J. C. Burrows, Kalamazoo, Mich.; C. M. Clay, Whitehall, Ky.; W. H. Derby, senior vice commander of Massachusetts; Bishop Samuel Fallows, Chicago; General John B. Jordan, Reynolds, Ga.; General J. Warren Kiefer, Springfield, O.; J. Proctor Knott, Lebanon, Ky.; Senator Manderson, of Nebraska; Governor Claude Matthews, of Indiana; James Whitcomb Riley, Indianapolis; General D. E. Sickles, New York; General John G. Underwood, Chicago; William H. Upman, Madison, Wis.

The naval veterans' parade, in which 16,000 participated, took place this morning at 10 o'clock, forming at First street and Broadway. The escort consisted of a detachment of the United States army, detachment of the United States navy, the Prisoners of War association, Sons of Veterans, Kentucky state militia, Uniformed Knights of Pythias and uniformed Knights of Honor. The parade was witnessed by tens of thousands of people, and was an impressive and brilliant spectacle.

EMPORIA VISITED BY A CYCLONE.

State Normal School Partly Wrecked and Other Damage Done.

EMPORIA, Kan., Sept. 9.—Emporia and vicinity was visited by a tornado about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The worst damage was done at the state normal school grounds. The new east wing of the main building was reduced to a mass of ruins. This wing was recently built at a cost of $50,000 and was but lately dedicated. The roof was rolled up like paper and carried off half a block.

The damage at the school grounds is estimated at $10,000. Considerable other damage was done down town. Clark's wholesale furniture store was unroofed and the stock of goods badly damaged. But meagre reports have been received from the surrounding country, where it is feared the damage has been great.

At Hartford, twelve miles southeast of here, several houses are reported blown down and one woman, Miss Bessie Henry, is dangerously injured. At Neosha Rapids a church, several buildings and a livery stable were destroyed. A Santa Fe bridge with 1,000 feet of track is also washed away near Reading.

MORE CUSSEDNESS OF THE TURK.

Five Villages Sacked, the Men Tortured and Women Ravished.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—A dispatch to The Daily News from Kars, Armenia, says that the entire district of Kemaks is surrounded by Turkish troops dispatched by Zekki Pasha under the plea of arresting Armenian revolutionaries. The villages of Carni, Tiruguegner, Tortan, Horoput and Marig are reported to be completely sacked, and the population, aggregation 5,000 people, foully treated. The men were tortued and the women and children were ravished. The four monasteries of Auakwauk, Sourphop, Thervoritchoga and Soupphagop were sacked and the altars and images were destroyed.

Authentic information from Moush is to the effect that an anti-Christian society of Turkish officials has been formed there and at Bitlis with the avowed intention to slaughter the Christians in the event of the acceptance by the porte of the scheme of reform prssented by the powers.

DOCTORS DISCUSS THE WHEEL.

Especially with Reference to Bloomers and the Fair Sex.

DETROIT, Sept. 7.—At the closing session of the Mississippi Valley Medical convention the section of general medicine discussed the mooted question of the effect of bicycling. The exercise was indorsed as a health promoter for both sexes, and even recommended for certain ailments, but the wearing of bloomers by feminine wheelists was put down as something outrageous. Several physicians talked upon the subject and all agreed that temperate use of the bicycle is beneficial.

Leggings and plaited skirts were recommended for women riders, but bloomers were unanimously declared to be an abomination and the cause of lowering their wearers in the eyes of spectators. After some further discussion on subjects of technical interest, both sessions adjourned sine die.

Won by the Defender.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—The first race in the series for the America's cup has been sailed and resulted in the Valkyrie being beaten home eight minutes. The Valkyrie lead most of the way, but when the wind freshened the Defender easily overhauled her.

Spaniards Badly Defeated.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—A great Cuban battle has been fought in Puerto Principe, with the defeat of the Spanish and the capture of the capital by the insurgent forces, according to a dispatch to the New York World.

Doesn't Need a Divorce Now.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Sept. 7.—Mrs. Libbie Schmidt, the wife of a prominent doctor of New York, died here of a congestive chill after an illness of only two days. She was here for the purpose of getting a divorce.

The Daily Judge Lynch Item.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 7.—At Fayetteville Dock King, colored, arrested on the charge of attempting to assault Mrs. Charles Jones near Fayetteville, was taken from jail by a mob of 200 men and hanged.

Illinois Press Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 7.—The executive committee of the Illinois Press association met here and decided to hold the annual meeting of the association March 10, 1896, in Chicago.

DEATH OF WM. HENRY HURLBUT.

Newspaper Man Who Had Been Prominent in Journalism and Literature.

CADENABBIA, Italy., Sept. 7.—William Henry Hurlbut is dead. He was born in Charleston, S. C., July 3, 1827, was graduated at Harvard in 1847, at the Divinity school there in 1849 and then studied in Rome, Berlin and Paris. After a few years in the Unitarian ministry, he entered Harvard law school in 1852, in 1855 was a writer on Putnam's magazine and joined the staff of the New York Times in 1859. Hurlburt was later connected in a responsible position with the New York World, wrote a history of Sam Domingo and contributed largely to American and British periodicals. He published several works, besides hymns and poems.

Hurlburt figured in an unpleasant way a few years ago in a suit brought against him by a young woman named Gladys Evelyn, of London. The defendant won, claiming that the deceiver in the case was not himself, but his secretary, Wilfred Murray. The plaintiff held that Murray was only a myth. The case created a great sensation in England, and since that event Hurlburt had lived most of the time in Italy with his wife, who did not credit the story of Gladys Evelyn.

JOHNNY CRAPAUD'S LITTLE GAME

In the Waller Case, as It is Viewed at the State Department,

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The state department has been advised that the record in the Waller court martial for which the French authorities found it necessary to send to Madagascar is expected to reach Aden, on the Red sea, about the 12th inst., but it will be a month before the department can be in full possesion of all the facts in the case. In all probability no further steps will be taken by the department in this matter until an examination of the record shall be made.

There is a growing feeling in the department that France has purposely sought delay in producing this record in the hope of causing the United States to make a peremptory and unconditional demand for Waller's release. It is believed that if made this demand should be made and granted Waller would be deprived of all chance of securing an indemnity and the restoration of his land concession. Without an examination of the record, which could not be demanded after his release, it would be impossible to show that Waller had been unjustly deprived of his property.

GOT AWAY WITH FORTY THOUSAND.

Adams Express at Terre Haute, Ind., Loses a Pot of Money.

TERRE HAUTE, Sept. 9.—J. D. Farden, the cashier of the Adams Express company, and J. R. Barnett, city ticket agent of the Vandalia, have disappeared; also a package of $16,000 deposited by Revenue Collector Jump for shipment to the Cincinnati sub-treasury. Farden gave a receipt for the $16,000. He has been a pension examiner and was stationed four years in Indianapolis under Harrison's administration. He is 38 years old and has a wife and three children. Barnett was in the steal with Cashier Farden, and the police have authorized the statement that the amount will probably reach $40,000 and that the two men literally cleaned the office of four days' receipts. The affair has caused an intense sensation.

MEETING OF THE GLASS COMBINE.

Advance in Window-Glass of from Five to Ten Per Cent. Proposed.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—A conference was held here between the eastern and western manufacturers of window-glass. A committee of jobbers was also present, and details were satisfactorily arranged to sell at a uniform rate, the prices for new glass to be settled next week, when an adjourned meeting will be held.

In the meantime the representatives of the various sections will submit the prices to be adopted to their respective organizations. The contemplated advance will be from 5 to 10 per cent. to cover the advance in wages and raw material. There will be no general resumption of work until the latter part of next month.

Keir Hardie and the Methodists.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Keir Hardie, by invitation, addressed the Methodist ministers of this city at their regular weekly meeting. He was applauded for the most part of his address, but when he said that the anarchists who were hanged here might have been men who were founding a new religion there were strong expressions of dissent. He declared socialism to be the application of Christ's teachings to the laws of the day. He said he was brought up an atheist, but was now a Christian.

Postoffice at Atlanta Exposition.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The acting postmaster general has directed a full postoffice sub-station to be established on the Atlanta exposition grounds. Visitors to the fair and the employes, etc., can receive their mail there. A postal car, part of the government exhibit, will be placed alongside the postoffice and its practical workings shown as an annex to the sub station.

Ask the Appointment of a Receiver.

HILLSBORO, Ills., Sept. 6.—M. M. Martin & Co., bankers of Litchfield, in the circuit court here filed papers asking a receiver for the Litchfield Car and Machine company, and also for the foreclosure of a $40,000 mortgage on that part of the plant located in Litchfield. The parties connected with the Memphis, Tenn., portion of the plant are also made parties to the suit.

Killed While Riding a Wheel.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Theresa Maschke, aged 12 years, collided with a team while riding a bicycle and was killed.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Judge HENRY F. FLUEDY, early bioneer of Arizona, at Prescott, A. T.

JAMES WHITE, treasurer of Williams college, at Williamstown, Mass.

JOHN N. BOYD, prominent ex-editor of Ohio, at Chillicothe.

Hon. HENRY CLARK, well-known Missourian, at Mexico, Mo.

Judge JAMES G. STRONG, well-known in Kansas political and railroad circles, at Blue Rapids, Kan.

Colonel JOHN S. PRINCE, early resident and ex-mayor of St. Paul.

HARTWELL H. HURLEY, judge of the circuit court, at Portland, Or.

Dr. G. M. STAPLES, prominent physician and Grand Army man, at Dubuque, Ia.

HENRY C. DEWEY, well-known hotel keeper at Elkhart, Ind.

Rev. STEPHEN R. BEGGS, oldest Methodist minister in Illinois, at Plainfield, Ills.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 10.—The board of trustees of the eastern Illinois normal school is in the city for the purpose of selecting one of the nine sites offered by Charleston upon which to locate that institution. While passing through Mattoon—one of the defeated candidates for the location of the school—Superintendent Ingles, and Messrs. Rice, Barr and Pleasants, were approached and insulted by leading citizens of that town, who stood on the station platform and accused the commissioners of boodling and numerous other crimes.

The gentlemen of the board are very indignant, and threaten legal recourse against some of their traducers, who are financially responsible. They are especially indignant at a state senator who, as a citizen of Mattoon, stood among the crowd on the platform without remonstrance.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 10.—In the Sangamon circuit court State Attorney Graham filed a quo warranto suit against State Superintendent Inglis to show by what authority he voted for the location of the new eastern Illinois Normal school. The real petitioners are citizens of Mattoon, a defeated competitor.

John Baker Talking for Silver.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Sept. 10.—John Baker, who represented the Eighteenth district in congress for several terms and was United States minister to Venezuela during Grant's administration, is lecturing in southern Illinois towns in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. It is a fact not generally known that Mr. Baker was elected to congress in the old Eighteenth district as a Republican a dozen years ago upon a free silver platform. His Democratic opponent at that time was Colonel William R. Morrison, of the interstate commerce commission.

Attempted Murder and Suicide.

CLINTON, Ills., Sept. 10.—George Caplinger attempted to kill his wife by firing two shots at her, and then he placed the revolver to his own right temple and sent a ball into his head. Caplinger is an inmate of the soldiers' home at Quincy. He came home a few days ago on his way to the national encampment at Louisville. Caplinger and his wife and six children did not live harmously together before he entered the home, and his visit here at this time was to effect a reconciliation. His wife and children would not consent to his return.

Captured a Much-Wanted Crook.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 9.—The postoffice swindler held under arrest by Chief of Police Hinsman as Hogan, on examination before United States Commissioner Silsby turns out to be the much-wanted crook, Allen, wanted for burglarizing the postoffice at Springfield, Ills., and who recently escaped from Ludlow street jail in New York.

To Fill the Remann Vacancy.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 6.—Governor Altgeld has called an election in the Eighteenth congressional district, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman Remann, to be held Tuesday, Nov. 5. The district is composed of the counties of Madison, Montgomery, Shelby, Fayette, Moultrie and Bond.

Altgeld Commutes a Sentence.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 6.—George C. Schoolcraft, of McLeansboro, Hamilton county, who was sentenced to Chester state prison in 1886 for twenty-five years as accessory to the murder of John Mann, murdered by John H. Schoolcraft, has had his sentence commuted to seventeen years by Governor Altgeld.

Missed the Father but Killed His Girl.

LOCKPORT, Ills., Sept. 6.—Fred Jop had an old grudge against Antonio Poganini and seeing him on the street fired at him. The shot intended for the father missed, killing his 2-pear-old girl. Jop was brought ta jail in this city to keep from being lynched.

Illinois Normal School Located.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 9.—The board of trustees of the Eastern Illinois State normal has decided to locate the normal school at Charleston, Coles county.

State Notes.

Greenup, Ills., reports the discovery of a vein of natural gas.

Hog cholera is prevailing to an alarming extent in Marshall county, Ills.

James Richardson, a farmer, 35 years old and married, was killed at Beardstown, Ills. He was thrown out of his wagon, his gun being discharged at the same time.

An unknown colored woman, 60 years old, was killed on the Burlington at Walnut Grove, Ills.

George Cox, sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen years for horse stealing, and Charles Hess for two years for harboring females under age in a house of ill-fame, have been pardoned by the governor of Illinois.

Tracy Cantrall, aged 13 years, daughter of Mack Cantrall, a farmer who resides near Illiopolis, was killed by being run over by a wagon.

Assumed a Normal Condition.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The relations between the congressional library and the treasury department have assumed a normal condition. The salary disbursements of the library for the month of August were made by the treasury department on requisitions of Librarian Spofford. The report of the copyright payments for August will be rendered to the treasury this week. The settlement of the old accounts has not yet been completed, but it is expected that any balance found to be still due by the librarian will be ascertained soon and a report of the same made to the secretary of the treasury and probably to the president.

Killed by a Capsized Coach.

CLIFTON, L. I., Sept. 9.—A coaching party of thirty from New York met with a serious accident in the street here. The coach was overturned and John Lynch, a boy of 15, killed, while eight others were seriously injured.

Carroll D. Wright Professor.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, has accepted the chair of economics in the McMahon hall of philosophy in the Catholic university, to be opened Oct. 1.

MASONIC TEMPLE FIRE-SCOURGED.

Two Stories of the Boston Masons' Building Gutted—Loss $300,000.

BOSTON, Sept. 9.—Masonic Temple, which a week ago was resplendent with decorations on the occasion of the Knight Templars' conclave, is now a scene of desolation and destruction wrought by fire, which gutted the two upper stories. Owing to accident a false alarm was rung in from the Parker House, and a delay of nearly twenty minutes occurred before the fire department was ready to work at the Masonic Temple. The fire in the meantime had gained considerable headway. The fire was first discovered in the ante-room of the Revere lodge on the third floor, and in a short time had eaten its way to the fourth floor and from thence to the roof.

After an hour and a half the fire was under control. The third and fourth floors and the roof were gutted, while on the second floor the fire had scorched a number of rooms in the rear. The loss is estimated at from $150,000 to $400,000, but no reliable estimate can be obtained until after the underwriters have done their work. All of the regalia of the Scottish rites, one of the most expensive outfits in the Masonic order, was destroyed, and the Gothic hall, Egyptian hall, and Red rooms, with their valuable tapestries and furnishings, were ruined. A number of the valuable paintings were saved. There are twenty-six lodges and commanderies which meet in the Temple, and all of them will sustain some loss. There were three casualties. Chief Egan had a leg broken, his head hurt and is injured internally. Lieutenant Madden had his skull fractured and Fireman Downey was struck on the head with a piece of slate.

SHOT OFF 600 POUNDS OF DYNAMITE.

Killed His Father, Mother and Brothers and Injured Three Others.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Sept. 9.—Edward Latshaw, sub-contractor on government work on the Mississippi, had 600 pounds of dynamite stored in the cellar under his house at Specht's Ferry, twelve miles north. His son was practicing shooting and missed the target, the bullet entering the cellar and firing the dynamite. The house was blown to splinters and the following killed: Edward Latshaw and his wife; Ray Latshaw, 12 years old; Mat Latshaw, 8 years; Hans Bjornstadt, of La Crosse.

The wounded are: Mat Faber, Wabasha, may die; Ed Bench, Lansing, eye knocked out and bruised; Mabel Latshaw, skull fractured. The dead were terribly mangled. A 4-year-old child in the party escaped unhurt. The glass in the buildings in the hamlet was all broken, and boats on the opposite side of the river considerably damaged.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN INDIANA.

James Ward Cuts Off the Heads of His Victims and Kicks Them About.

SULLIVAN, Ind., Sept. 7.—The most horrible tragedy in the history of southern Indiana occurred here. James Ward murdered his father-in-law, Aaron Hunter, and his brother-in-law, John Hunter, cutting off their heads and kicking them around. The murderer was pursued by a mob, and just as he was about to be captured took his own life.

Lawyer Kate Kane Married.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—Kate Kane, the original woman lawyer in Chicago, is married. The ceremony which changed her name occurred at Kenosha, Wis., two months ago, and has just become public. Her husband is Sig. Vincenzo Rossi, one of the best known Italians in the city. Although Kate lost her youth years ago, she declares that it is a love match.

Russia Raiding the Nihilists.

CRACOW, Russia, Sept. 6.—Advices have been received here from Moscow and St. Petersburg stating that 900 persons known or suspected to be nihilists have been arrested by the police of those cities, and large quantities of bombs, firearms and dynamite have been seized in their lodgings and haunts.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.

Money on call was easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489¾@490 for demand and 488@488¾ for sixty days; posted rates 489½@490, and 490@491; commercial bills, 488½.

Silver certificates, 67½@67¾; no sales; bar silver, 67. Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 123¼; do. coupons, 123¼; 5's reg., 115¾; 5's coupons, 115¾; 4's reg., 111½; 4's coupons, 112½; 2's reg., 96½; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 57⅝c, closed 57¾c; December, opened 59⅝c, closed 59⅜c; May, opened 62⅞c, closed 63⅛c. Corn—September, opened 33⅝c, closed 32⅝c; October, opened 31¾c, closed 31½c; December, opened 28¼c, closed 28⅞c; May, opened 29½c, closed 29⅝c. Oats—September, opened 19⅝c, closed 19⅝c; May, opened 20⅝c, closed 21½c. Pork—September, opened $8.30, closed $8.25; January, opened $9.50, closed $9.52½. Lard — September, nominal, closed $5.82½; October, opened $5.90, closed $5.85.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb.; extra dairy, 17c; packing stock, 8@8½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 13½c per doz. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 9@9½c per lb.; hens, 8½c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, 9@11c; ducks, 8@8½c; geese, $4.00@6.00 per doz. Potatoes—Fair to choice, 23@30c per bu. New Apples—$1.00@2.00, per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb. sections, new stock, 15@16c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; sales ranged at $3.20@4.45 pigs, $3.90@4.55 light, $3.90@4.10 rough packing, $4.05@4.55 mixed, and $4.15@4.55 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 23,000; quotations ranged at $5.45@5.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.80@5.30 good to choice do, $4.30@4.80 fair to good, $3.80@4.15 common to medium do, $3.45@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.40@3.15 stockers, $3.25@4.00 feeders, $1.40@3.70 cows, $2.50@3.90 heifers, $1.75@3.60 bulls, $2.75@3.60 Texas steers, $2.90@4.60 western range steers, and $3.50@5.80 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.40 westerns, $1.75@2.85 Texans, $1.75@3.80 natives, and $2.60@4.90 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 9.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 57½c; No. 1 northern, 59½; December, 59⅝c. Corn—No. 3, 34c. Oats—No. 2 white, 22c; No. 3 do, 21¼@21¾c. Barley—No. 2, 42½c; samples, 25@44c. Rye—No. 1, 40c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 9.

Wheat—Cash, 61½c; September, 60⅝c; December, 61⅝@61½c; May, 65⅛c. Corn—Cash, 30⅜c; September, 30⅜c; December, 26⅝c; May, 29⅝c. Oats—Cash, 18⅝c; September, 19⅜c; December, 19⅝c; May, 21⅞c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Sept. 4.

Lawrence Power and Thomas Cousis are locked in the police station at Chicago charged with robbing the L. Wolff Manufacturing company of $30,000 worth of brass, which they have carried away by the shovelful for many months.

In a riot at Dhulia, province of Khandesh, between Hindoos and Mohammedans, five of the latter were killed.

The secretary of the interior has decided that lands made by filling in on lake shores gives the persons so filling in no riparian rights unless they be the owners of the contiguous shore lands.

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, says he believes the remonetization of silver cannot occur before the campaign of 1900.

Nazrulla Kahn, the sprig of Afghan nobility who has been a dead load on the hands of his British entertainers for some months, has left England and gone to worry the French at Paris.

It is alleged that the French police have a clue to the man who sent an infernal machine to Baron Rothschild.

Thursday, Sept. 5.

Miss Kate Conde, a belle of Anderson, Ind., worth $50,000, has eloped with Lon Reed, a prizefighter.

Six and seven-tenths inches of rain fell at Indianapolis in seventeen hours and caused heavy loss in flooded basements, etc.

Lord Salisbury has, in a speech in the house of lords, given the Turk to understand that he must submit to European dictation as to the Armenians or there will be a partition of Turkey.

The state census of the inhabitants of St. Paul has been finished, showing a population of 142,292. Figures for Minneapolis have not yet been given out, but from the eight wards already counted it appears that the population is between 180,000 and 190,000.

A $100,000 fire occurred in the Evansville, Ind., wholesale district. The Heilman flour mill and 100,000 bushels of wheat were destroyed.

It is said that the companies which paid the Fraker insurance money will have no difficulty in recovering it.

Friday, Sept. 6.

The navy department wants to enlist 1,000 to 2,000 more men for the navy.

Frederick Sheland hanged himself in the jail at Duluth just after the grand jury had decided he was innocent of the murder of Peter Gordon, for which he was in custody.

Great damage has been done in the vicinity of Lisbon by a hurricane and floods.

Mrs. Lucy Gartell McCaslan, the most beautiful woman in Atlanta, has decided to go on the stage. Her husband recently went insane owing to business reverses.

The British Trades union congress has adopted a resolution in favor of paying salaries to members of parliament.

In consequence of the activity of the Nihilists it has been found necessary to guard the czar's every step as completely as the movements of his father, Alexander III, were guarded by the police at the most perilous period of his reign.

Love Divine is the name of a negro recently arrested at Lexington, Ky., for stealing a wagon load of tools.

Saturday, Sept. 7.

Robert Ritson is under arrest in Philadelphia charged with plotting to swindle banks in Chicago, New York, Boston, Milwaukee and Louisville by means of bogus drafts.

Six men were burned to death while sleeping in a barn near Norristown, Pa.

A pickpocket stole $200 in currency and a draft for $700 from Colonel R. G. Ingersoll during the soldiers' reunion at Elmwood, Ills.

Maud, daughter of David T. Pulsifer, of New York, has eloped and married a teacher in a riding academy.

Captain Becker, of Cleveland, was fatally burned in a fire at Port Dalhousie, Ont., that destroyed a warehouse and the steamer St. Magnus.

Suits against the Gumry estate at Denver, for injuries received in the hotel disaster, have begun. A cigarmaker has filed an action for $15,000.

Forest fires are doing immense damage in southern New Jersey and several towns are threatened with destruction.

Hungary can sell about 85,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

There is a Cuban revolutionary club in Chicago with a membership of seventy-eight.

Monday, Sept. 9.

The national Association of Letter Carriers has selected Grand Rapids as the next place of meeting and adjourned sine die.

John V. Crum, the Iowa university sprinter, was decisively beaten by E. J. Wefers over a 100-yard course at New York. He was beaten by a yard in the time of ten seconds.

The executive committee of the National Butter and Cheese Makers' association has decided to hold the next annual meeting in February at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Burglars entered the Bank of Kincaid, Kas., blew open the supposed burglar-proof vault and took every dollar of the money, between $2,000 and $3,000.

An Italian physician has discovered a serum which he claims to be a sure preventive of consumption, but he will not make public his formula for obtaining the serum.

The 2,500 knee-"pants" makers at New York, who belong to the Knights of Labor, have decided to strike, not on account of wages or hours, but to force contractors to deposit $50 as security for the fulfillment of their contracts.

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Is the Foundation of the Wonderful Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIPS.

Four little ships set out to sea
This morning early, brave and gay.
They only reached the nearest tree,
Then cast their anchor for the day.

Two anxious friends with practiced sails
Fly back and forth across the main,
But all their good example fails
To start the little fleet again.

It looked so easy from the nest
To leave the harbor far behind.
And there was hardly room to rest
Nor food to satisfy their kind.

But now—well, it seems very nice
For little boats to hug the shore
And listen to the good advice
Of robins who have sailed before.
—Mary A. Mason in Demorest's Magazine.

WASHWOMAN'S WAR.

"No, there's nuthin the matter of me—sorter pensive, that's all."

The old cattleman seemed silent and out of sorts. After a cocktail he yielded to a better mood.

"It simply means I'm gettin old, my settin round balky this away. Thar's some 70 wrinkles on my horns. Nuthin young or recent about that. So it often happens to me like it does to old folks general that jist when she begins to grow night I gets moody an bad. Looks like your thoughts have been out on some mental feed ground all day, an they come stringin in like cattle to get bedded down for the night. Nacheral, I suppose they sorter mills an stands around oneasy like for awhile before they lies down all comfortable. Old people partic'ler gets dissatisfied. If they're like me an ain't wedded none, campin round at taverns an findin of 'em mockeries, they wish they had a wife a whole lot. If they be, they wish she'd go visit her folks.

"No, as I imparts to you heretofore, maybe it's a month, I never marries nuthin. I reckon I was in love one round up an another mighty near a dozen times too. But somehow I allers lose the trail an never do run up with none of 'em once.

"Down in the Brazos country thar was a little blue eyed girl—back 30 years it was—an the way I adored her plumb tires people. I reckon I roped at her more'n 50 times, but I never could fasten. Now an then it looks powerful like I was goin to run my brand on to her, but one day she learns that Bill Jenks brands 150 calves the last spring round up an me only 40, an that settles it. She takes Jenks.

"It was astonishin how little I deems of this yere maiden after Bill gets her. Two months before I'd rode my pony to death to look once in her eyes. She's like sunshine in the woods to me, an I dotes on every word she utters like it was a roast apple. But after she gets to be Bill's wife I cools off complete.

"Not that lovin Bill's wife, with his genius for shootin a pistol, was goin to prove a picnic, an him sorter peevish an hostile nacheral. But lettin that go in the discard I shore don't care nuthin about her nohow, when she's Mrs. Jenks.

"I recalls I get that locoed lovin this girl I goes bulgin out to make some poetry over her. I compiles one stanza, an I'm yere to remark it was harder work than a June day in a brandin pen. Ropin an flankin calves an standin off an old cow with one hand while you irons up her offspring with the t'other from sun up till dark is sedentary compared to makin stanzas. What was the one I makes? Well, you can bet a hoss I ain't forgot it none:

"A beautiful woman is shorely a moon
The nights of your life to illumine.
She's all that is graceful an guileful an soon,
Is woman, lovely woman.

"I'm plumb tangled up in my rope when I gets this far, an I takes a lay off. Before I gathers strength to tackle it agin Jenks gets her, so bein nuthin tharin I never makes a finish. I allers allowed it would have been a powerful good poem if I'd stampeded along cl'ar through.

"Yes, son, women that away is surely rangy cattle an allers on the move. I recalls how two of 'em comes mighty near splittin Wolfville wide open an leavin it on both sides of the trail. All that ever saves the day is the ca'm jedgment an promptitood of old man Enright.

"This is how we leads into this petticoat ambush. Wolfville is gettin along all peaceful an serene an man fashion. Thar's the postoffice for letters; thar's the Red Light for our bug juice; thar's the O. K. restaurant for our grub, an thar's the stage an our ponies to pull our freight with when Wolfville life begins to pall on us as too pastoral an we thirsts for the metropolitan gayety of Tucson.

"As I says, we has all that heart could hunger for—that is, hunger on the square.

"Among other things thar's a Chink runnin a laundry a-doin of our washin. This yere tub trundler's name is Lung, which, however, brands no cattle here.

"One afternoon Doc Peets gets a letter from a barkeep over in Tucson sayin:

"DEAR DOC—Thar's an esteemable lady due in Wolfville on tomorrer's stage. She's p'intin out to run a laundry. Please back her play. If thar's a Chinaman in town, run him out an obleege yours, DICK.

" 'Whatever do you think, Enright?' says Doc Peets, after readin us the letter.

" 'That's all right,' says Enright. 'The Chink goes. It's onbecomin as a spectacle for a Caucasian woman of full blood to be contendin for dirty shirts with a slothful Mongol. Wolfville permits no such debasin exhibitions, an Lung must vamoose. Jack,' he says, turnin to Jack Moore, who's kittle tender to the stranglers, 'take your gun an sa'nter over an stampede this yere opium slave. Tell him if he's visible to the naked eye in the scenery yereabouts tomorrow when this lady jumps into camp he's shore asked the price of soap the last time he ever will in this vale of tears.'

" 'What's the matter with lynchin this yere Chink?' says Dave Tutt. 'The camp's deadly dull, an it 'ud cheer up things a whole lot, besides bein compliments to this yere young female Old Monte's bringin in on the stage.'

" 'Oh, no,' says Enright, 'no need of stringin him—none! On second thought, Jack, I don't reckon I'd run him out neither. It dignifies him too much. S'pose you canter up to his tub camp an bring him over, an we'll reveal this upheaval in his shirt burnin destinies by word of mouth. If he grows reluctant, just rope him round the neck with his cue an yank him. It impresses 'em an shows 'em they're up agin the law, I s'pose. Peets, I v'ices your sentiments in this?'

" 'Shore,' says Doc Peets, which was the finest educated man I ever saw, 'this Chinaman must pull his freight. We owes it not only to this Tucson lady, but to the lovely sex she represents. Woman, woman, what has she not done for man? As Johanna of Arc she freed the sensuous vineclad hills of faroff Switzerland. As Grace Darling she smoothed the fever heated pillow of the Crimea. In recompense she asks one little, puny boon—to fire from our midst a heathen from Cathay. Gents, there is but one answer. We plays the return game with woman. This Chinaman must go.'

"When Moore comes back with Lung, which he does prompt, Enright starts in to deal the game.

" 'It ain't no use, Lung,' says Enright, 'tryin to explain to you what's up. Your weak Asiatic intellect couldn't get the drop on to it nohow. You've been brought to a showdown again a woman, an you're outheld. You've got to quit. Savey? Don't let us find you here tomorrow. By fust drinktime we'll be scoutin for you with somethin besides an op'ry glass, an if you're noticed as part of the landscape you're goin to have a heap of bad luck. I'd advise you to p'int for Red Dog as bein home camp for dirty shirts, but as to that you plays your hand yourself. Now, git!'

"Next day the old drunkard, Monte, comes swingin in with the stage, the six hosses on the jump, same as he allers did, with a woman along. Over at the postoffice, where he stops, a lady gits out, an of course we all bows p'lite an hopes she's well an frisky. She allows she is an heads for the O. K. House.

"It floats over pretty soon that her name is Anna, an as none of us wants to call her jist Anna—the same bein too free a play—an hearin she lives a year or two at Benson we concloodes to call her Benson Anna an let it go at that.

" 'The same bein musical an expressive,' says Doc Peets as we all lines up agin the Red Light bar, 'I suggests we baptize this lady Benson Anna, an yere's to her success.'

"So we all turns up our glasses, an Benson Anna she is.

"The next day the fetid Lung is a thing of the past, an Benson Anna has the game to herself. Two days after she raises the tariff to 50 cents on shirts, instead of 25, as previous with the Chink. But no one cares.

" 'A man,' says Doc Peets, 'as thinks a Caucasian woman is goin to wash a shirt for the miserable stipend of a slave of the orient must be plumb locoed. Wolfville pays 50 cents for shirts an is proud thereof.'

"Things goes along for mighty like a month, an then this yere Benson Anna allows she'll have a visitor.

" 'I'm plumb, clean sick,' she says, 'of seein nuthin but a lot of drunken, good for nuthin sots a-posterin round, an I done reckon I'll have my friend Sue come over from Tombstone an see me a whole lot. It'll be some relaxation.'

"Mebby four days after this yere Sue hops outen the stage, an for the next week there ain't no washin done whatever, while Benson Anna and Sue works the wire aige offen their visit.

" 'A man as would begretch two pore, hardworkin girls a lay off for a week,' says Enright, 'ain't clean strain, an I don't want to know sech a horse thief nohow,' and we all felt likewise.

"But slap on the heels of all this yere gregar'ousness on the part of Benson Anna an Sue the deal begins to come queer. At the end of the week the two girls has a row, an in the turn Sue goes to t'other end of camp an opens a laundry. That does settle it. Benson Anna gives Sue fits, an Sue shorely sends 'em back. Then they quit speakin, an when they meet on the street they makes snoots at each other. This scares Enright. He tries to keep the boys from takin sides.

" 'In a delicate play like this yere,' he says, 'this camp don't take no cards. For the first time Wolfville passes out an offers to make it a jack.'

"But as one day an the next trails by the boys sorter gets lined up one side an t'other, some for Benson Anna an some for Sue, an things is shorely gettin hot. Hamilton, over at the dance hall, up an names his place the Sue saloon, an Baxter takes down the sign on the Red Light an calls it the Benson Anna House. Finally things sorter culminates.

"Dan Boggs, who's a open, violent Anna man, comes a-prancin into the Red Light one night, an after stampin an rappin his horns round a whole lot allows his shirt is cleaner than Dave Tutt's. Tutt says he don't care nothin for himself an none whatever for his shirt, an while he an Dan's allers been friends an crossed the plains together still he don't allow he'll stand round none an see a pore ondefended female like Sue maligned. So Tutt out with his gun an gets Boggs in the laig.

"This yere brings things down to cases. Enright is worried sick at it. But he's been thinkin mighty arduous for quite a spell, an when Boggs gets creased he sees somethin must be done an begins to square himse'f for a play for out.

"It's the next day after Boggs gets agin Tutt, an Doc Peets has plugged up the hole, an it's all right, when Enright rounds up the whole passel of us in the Red Light. He looks dignified an what you call impressive, so the barkeep, yieldin to the gravity of the situation, allows the drinks is on the house. We all get our 40 drops, an sorter stands pat thereon in silence, waitin for Enright to unfold his game. We shore knowed if thar was a trail out he'd find it.

" 'Gents,' he says at last, an he seems like he's pensive an hurt, 'I'll not drift into the harrowin details of them differences which has ripped what was wonst the peacefulest camp in Arizona up the back. I wants you, however, to take note of my remarks, 'cause what I say is shorely goin to go.'

"Here Enright pauses to take a small drink by himse'f, while we all tarries, some oneasy an anxious about what card falls next. At last Enright p'ints out on the trail of his remarks agin.

" 'It is with pain an mortification,' he says—an here he fixes his eyes some hard an deliberate on a young tenderfoot named French, who's been away from the States something like six months—'it is with pain an mortification, I says, that I notes for a week past our young friend an townsman, William French, payin marked an indiscreet attention to Benson Anna, a female person whom we all respects. At all times, day an night, when he could escape his dooties as corral boss for the stage company, he has pitched camp in her society. Wolfville has been shocked an a pure lady compromised. Standin as we all do in the light of a parent to this pore young female, we have determined the wrong must be made right, an Mr. French must marry the girl. I have submitted these yere views to Benson Anna, an she concurs. I've took the trouble to bring a gospel sharp over from Tucson to do the marryin, an I've set the nuptials for tonight, to conclude with a blow out in the dance hall at my expense.

" 'We will of course hereby lose Benson Anna in them industrial walks she now adorns, for I give Mr. French a pointer, the sentiment of this yere camp is agin a married woman's takin in washin. Not to play it too low down on Mr. French, who, while performin a private dooty, is also workin for a public good, I've headed a subscription with $50 for a present for the bride. I'd say in closin that if I was Mr. French I wouldn't care to object to this weddin. The gal is good lookin, the subscription is cash, an in the present heated condition of the public mind, an with the heart of the camp sot on this union, I wouldn't be responsible if he does. Now, gents, who'll follow my $50 with $50 more? Barkeep, do your dooty while the subscription paper goes round.'

"The biddin was mighty lively, an in ten minutes $1,700 is raised for a dowry, as they say. Then French, who has been settin in a sort of daze, gets up.

" 'Mr. Enright an gents,' he says, 'this yere is a surprise party to me, but it goes. It's a hoss on me, but I stands it. I sees how it is, an as a forced play I marries Benson Anna in the interests of peace. Which the same being settled, if Benson Anna is yere, whirl her out, an I'll come flutterin from my perch an put an end to this onhealthful excitement.'

"We applauds French an is proud to see he's game.

" 'An, to be free an open with you, French,' says Jack Moore—so as to make him feel like he's ahead on the deal, which he shore is, for this yere Benson Anna is corn fed—'if it wasn't for a lady back in Illinois who relies on me returnin single, I'd be playin your hand myse'f.'

"Well, no one delays the game. Enright brings over Benson Anna, who's blushin some, but ain't holdin back, an she an French fronts up for business. This yere preacher sharp Enright's roped up is jist shufflin for the deal, when whatever do you think takes place? I'm a Mexican if this yere Sue doesn't come stampedin in, a-cryin an a-mournin powerful. Sue allows with sobs if her dear friend Anna's goin to get married she wants in on the game as bridesmaid.

" 'Which you shorely gets a hand as sech,' says Doc Peets, who's actin as lookout for the game, an so he stakes out Sue over by the side of Benson Anna, who kisses her quite frantic an unites her wails to Sue's. Both of 'em weepin at wonst shorely makes the occasion mighty sympathetic an damp that a-way. But Peets says it's the reg'lar caper, an you can gamble Peets knows.

" 'Thar,' says Enright, when the last card's out an Mr. an Mrs. French is receivin congratulations, 'I reckon now, with only one laundry, Wolfville sees a season of profound peace. This is all right, but I'm yere to remark that the next lady as dazzles this camp with her debut an a purpose to plunge into work is goin to teach school or keep books. Gents, the bridle's plumb off the hoss. We'll repair to the dance hall, if so be meets your tastes, an take the first steps in a shindig an a general debauch, from which, when it's over, this yere camp of Wolfville'll date time.' "—Alfred Henry Lewis in Chicago Herald.

Plowing With Oxen.

There can be little doubt that the ox was the earliest beast employed for the plow. A white bull and a white cow were yoked together to draw the furrow for making the walls of Rome. Greeks and Romans employed oxen in plowing; asses only for sandy soils. When the plowman had finished his day's labor, he turned the instrument upside down, and the oxen went home dragging its tail and handle over the surface of the ground—a scene described by Horace.

The yoking together of ox and ass was expressly forbidden by the law of Moses and is made the ground of a ludicrous comparison by Plautus. Ulysses, when he feigned madness in order to avoid going on the Trojan expedition, plowed with an ox and a horse together.

In the west of England the custom of yoking oxen to the plow went out at the beginning of this century. A very few old men can remember how, as boys, they were employed with the goad to urge on the oxen. Hardly any recall having held the plow to them.—Chambers' Journal.

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Published and Edited by

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A SPRINT AND A BATH.

He Was Nearly Drowned, but He Escaped the Angry Wasps.

"When I was a boy," said an English visitor, "it used to be a great amusement for us boys to dig out wasps' nests. First of all, the wasps did great damage to the peaches, plums, green gages and nectarines, and besides we wanted the grubs for fishing bait. There is none better in the world for perch, dace, bream, gudgeon, roach and, in fact, almost any fish. Our process was to go out just at nightfall and make our way to the nest we had discovered in the day. We would stuff up the entrance with a naphtha soaked rag, and after lighting it put a sod over the hole, so that the wasps might get the full benefit of the odor. In half an hour every wasp would be harmless and stupefied, and we would set to work to dig out the nest. This is circular in shape and built with a kind of paper made from the bark of trees. As soon as we got home the nest was placed in a bucket of boiling water and left there for the night. Next morning the grubs and wasps were all nicely boiled.

"On one occasion there were a number of guests at the house, and some wanted to see what a wasps' nest was like. Well, we boys went out and got one. It was a beauty. After it had been duly examined the butler was called and told to put it in hot water. He thought next morning would do as well, and just put it on a shelf in the pantry and closed the door.

"He was down the next morning at the usual hour and went to the pantry. It was filled with a swarm of infuriated wasps which went for him at once, stinging him wherever there was any flesh exposed. He tore out of the house, followed by a swarm of yellow and black stingers, and did some grand sprinting until he reached the lake, into which he jumped without hesitation. He was nearly drowned, but he had escaped the wasps. The worst of it was, the liberated wasps immediately spread all through the house and nearly every one in it was stung. There was a strong injunction put on us boys after that never to bring a wasps' nest into the house.

"Another ugly insect is the hornet. He builds a hanging nest. Some years ago a party of us were out partridge shooting in the beginning of September and the ladies had promised to bring out luncheon and meet us at a certain spot. It was a cottage just on the edge of the woods, which was used for storing hencoops. In this cottage a swarm of hornets had made their nest.

"Among the party was a boy of about 11, who, while we were all enjoying our luncheon, got hold of his father's gun and let fly at that nest and the enraged hornets swarmed out of the open door. The women handicapped us and every one except that blessed boy was stung, and when we got home we were all a sorry sight. A plentiful application of ammonia did much to alleviate the pain. It was said afterward that the hornets that had broken up the party were not of the worst kind. I have no wish to run up against the worst kind. That evening the few of us men who came to dinner had to laugh at one another, so distorted were our faces. The women did not appear, and the choleric colonel, father of the boy, found some alleviation from his pain by soundly flogging the young rascal."—New York Tribune.

The Work of the Mississippi.

The Mississippi has in the course of ages transported from the mountains and high land within its drainage area sufficient material to make 400,000 square miles of new land by filling up an estuary which extended from its original outfall to the gulf of Mexico for a length of 500 miles, and in width from 30 to 40 miles. This river is still pouring solid matter into the gulf, where it is spread out in a fanlike shape over a coast line of 150 miles, and is filling up at the rate of 362,000,000 tons a year, or six times as much soil as was removed in the construction of the Manchester ship canal and sufficient to make a square mile of new land, allowing for its having to fill up the gulf to a depth of 80 yards.

Some idea of the vastness of this operation may be conceived when the fact is considered that some of this soil has to be transported more than 3,000 miles, and that if the whole of it had to be carried in boats at the lowest rate at which heavy material is carried on the inland waters of America, or, say, for one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile over an average of half the total distance, the cost would be no less a sum than £238,000,000 a year. Through the vast delta thus formed the river winds its way, twisting and turning by innumerable bends until it extends its length to nearly 1,200 miles, or more than double the point to point length of the delta, continually eroding the banks in one place and building up land in another, occasionally breaking its way across a narrow neck which lies between the two extremities and filling up the old channel.—Longman's Magazine.

The English "A."

Americans who affect the so called English pronunciation of the letter "a" in words like "ask," "pass" and "last" are so much inclined, especially in Boston, to overdo the matter that it is well to reprint the testimony of a Baltimore traveler who took pains while in England recently to observe critically the usage of cultivated speakers there on this point. He found in effect that their "a" was a cross between the "a" of "ah" and the "a" of "at." He listened carefully to the orthoepy of Lord Chief Justice Russell, Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury and to that of the eminent churchmen, and found that nowhere "was there any such broad and deep pronunciation of words, and especially the letter 'a,' as we generally consider to be the English method." Their pronunciation was almost identical with that of good speakers in Baltimore and New York.—Exchange.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Kellar.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—William Hoey.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—The Bostonians.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—William H. Crane.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"John-A-Dreams."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Charles A. Gardner.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"A Bowery Girl."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

PREACHER PETERS AND "THE IRISH"

Under the very appropriate heading of "Day for the Cranks," the Chicago *Times-Herald* of last Monday publishes the following:

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Rev. Madison C. Peters, D. D., delivered his new lecture, "America's future; Breakers Ahead," at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, this afternoon. He said, in part:

"A new Irish convention has been called at Chicago for Sept. 24. If new methods mean a physical force movement, then these men must be given to understand that the movement is out of place in the United States. If the Irish dynamiters have the right in the land of their adoption to organize disturbances to be carried out against the government from which they escaped, why may not Russian nihilists, French socialists, German anarchists and all the other breeds of disturbers of the peace do the same thing?

"If the Irish of America want to make Ireland the land of Home Rule why don't they set their faces homeward and themselves strike the blow? The United States could exhibit such an array of Irish police officials that, if massed in one body, would chill the blood of the British lion."

The Rev. Peters is one of that vicious class of third rate preachers denominated sensational. He has got a British, or Orange, "bad drop" in him somewhere, like a good many other persons living in this country, who are ironically termed "Americans," as if they were Sioux, Cheyennes or Omahas. Mr. Peters is very anxious about the tranquility of England, like all of his kidney. They make us sick. If there is a contemptible "critter" on this earth it is the American provincialist who is forever belly-aching about his "mother country," England. The American provincialist is an emasculated thing. He would like to see an alliance between this country and Great Britain, and, in fact, he has already proposed, and advocated, such a monstrous alliance. He is forever toadying to English visitors and asking their opinion of America, as if the English ever had a good opinion of a country that whipped them, not, however, by the aid of the American provincialists, who are the modern American Tories. When the American provincialist goes to England, he renders himself ridiculous by attempting to hunt up a pedigree, whose fountain head was the blood of some honest swineherd of Berkshire, noted for its boars. The English, who are observing in their own way, laugh at his idiocy and, with solemn faces, make game of him. If he is very rich and has a handsome daughter, some aristocratic leavings of the London demi-monde, with a blotched title, lays siege to her "heart" (she generally has no brains), marries her, robs her, and then casts her off to please some former mistress. The provincial American, who seeks to curry favor, is despised in England. The English, whatever their other failings, have the virtue of despising curs and cads. One manly American, like Chauncey Depew, who is a friend of Irish liberty, has more real consideration from decent Englishman, in London, than a thousand crawling Smalleys or yelping Peterses.

Peters! Phœbus what a name! A fellow of that name generally peters out without much trouble. He had better change his name to Rocks, which would be an improvement. What right has this fellow, Peters, a howling, hypocritical dervish, to prejudge the Convention of the New Irish Movement? What right has the "reverend" slanderer, to couple it with anarchy or nihilism? He is not a Russian. He cannot judge of Russian conditions. He is not, thank God, an Irishman, and, therefore, can not judge of Irish conditions. He cannot be an American, because, so far as we know, he is not a Red Indian, but he is a fool, and, most likely, a knave. We never knew a fellow of his way of thinking yet who was not a fraud of some kind. He is jealous, too, of the physique of the police of this country, a majority of whom are said to be Irish. This is in the natural order of things because the Irish and their descendants are the finest physical men in this country—perhaps, in any other—and, morally, they will blush to be mentioned in the same breath with a buncombe preacher like Peters. If the Irish in this country all acted like THE CITIZEN they would soon silence the batteries of humbugs like Peters. They are bullies, bigots, and not infrequently men of weak morals. If Peters has an intimate friend, with a handsome wife, we warn the friend to be on the look out for squalls. Sensational preachers have frequently run away with their best friends' wives. It has happened even in this city. Peters is a sensational preacher. Moral for his intimate friend: Keep an eye on Peters.

EDITOR PREUSS ON THE GAELIC TONGUE.

Mr. Arthur Preuss in his very readable paper, *The Review*, of Aug. 29, has an article on the "Revival of the Irish (Gaelic) language." In the course of his editorial Mr. Preuss says: "Until a few years ago, about the only persons who knew Celtic (Gaelic), were some German savants." Perhaps Mr. Preuss is not aware that half a century ago, the Most Rev. John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, Ireland, translated into Gaelic most of Thomas Moore's best "Irish melodies." More than this, the great Archbishop, assisted by the Very Rev. Ulick Burke, of St. Jarlath's College, composed and had published and circulated a Gaelic Catholic catechism, which was universally used in the Brothers' and parochial schools of his Archidiocese, and in many other dioceses of the Province of Connaught. Unfortunately, all the Irish Catholic prelates did not take the same deep interest in the important question of preserving and spreading the Gaelic tongue as did the illustrious John of Tuam. We believe something was done by them in this line in a few of the Ulster counties, notably Donegal; but Leinster and Munster were almost wholly neglected, until within a comparatively few years. Leinster, the Province nearest to England, first lost the language, except in a few districts, although it was very commonly spoken there down to the last quarter of the 18th century. In Munster, the decay began about the beginning of this century, but even yet, amid the mountains of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Tipperary and Clare, a large number of the people speak the old language. We do not know the exact figures, but we have reason to believe that about 750,000 of the Irish population speak, and some of them write the Gaelic idiom. This, everything considered, is not a bad showing. At present there are Gaelic societies in most parts of Ireland, and it is taught in many of the public schools. Great credit for the preservation of Gaelic in Ireland is due to Dr. Douglas Hyde, Dr. George Sigerson, Rev. Father O'Growney, T. O'Neill Russell, and other gentlemen of practical and patriotic thought. Of course, Gaelic will be spoken in Ireland only as a dual language, because English has gained such a foothold in the island, and has been so long spoken there, that it has become indispensable. In the Celtic principality of Wales fifty years ago, the Cymric tongue was not nearly so generally spoken and written as it is to-day, and its revival was the work of a comparatively few patriotic Welshmen.

One reason why the Gaelic was not much encouraged by the prelates of the Catholic Church in Ireland of late years, is that, during the great famine period, or from 1846 to about 1852, it was used by Exeter Hall "souper" missionaries as a medium for proselytysing the Catholic peasantry in the poorer mountain and coasts districts. The King James New Testament, the Book of Common Prayer, and other Protestant works, were printed and circulated in Gaelic, but, as might have been expected, with very little effect, because the Irish people, under all circumstances—often under conditions of intense exasperation, due to uncalled for papal interference in Irish political matters—have been nobly faithful to the grand old church of their fathers, and to the doctrines promulgated by the Apostle, St. Patrick, fifteen hundred years ago. Happily the prejudice of a portion of the Catholic hierarchy in this respect has been removed, and we don't believe there is to-day a single Irish prelate or priest who would oppose the revival of the mother tongue in the old land.

Mr. Preuss is mistaken in supposing that Irish-Americans are opposed to the German tongue. Enlightened Irish-Americans, as a rule, are not; but, very naturally, some jealousy has been excited by the favor shown it, for simply political reasons, in many American cities where the German population is numerous and powerful. Like English and French, German is a magnificent language, and, as an accomplishment, cannot be too highly commended. But, as in Ireland, English has taken too strong a hold here to be uprooted, or even checked, and we, as Americans, must make the best of the situation. THE CITIZEN certainly is not an enemy of either the German people or the German tongue; nor would it deprive them or it of any advantage that may be derived from its use in our public schools, or elsewhere. We know that in Pennsylvania, the third and fourth generations in descent from German immigrants speak, in addition to English, a German patois among themselves, and they are among the very best citizens of the Republic.

Irish-Americans, contrary to general belief, are more practical and less sentimental, perhaps, than their German brethren. They have not yet asked to have Gaelic taught in our public schools, nor are they likely to. If they were to make such a request, it would raise a howl from end to end of this country, and all classes of bigots—religious, political and racial, would turn loose upon them. We don't believe Mr. Preuss would be of the number, for, although he has not a little of inherited German distrust of the Celt, as evidenced by his sparkling writings, we don't believe he dislikes an Irishman simply because he happens to be the son of a less fortunate country than Germany or America. In fact there is no reason whatever why the Germans and the Irish should not be the best of friends. They have many social traits in common; they believe in personal liberty and they are opposed to revival of Blue Laws and other Puritanical nonsense in this country. It is only designing politicians that have divided the Germans and Irish in Chicago. In other cities of the Union—Milwaukee and New York particularly—they meet and mingle fraternally as they should everywhere.

NOTICE.

For the information of societies that intend to send delegates to the New Movement Convention, to be held in this city on Sept. 24, 25 and 26, it may be well to state that, wherever possible, the acting secretary will send a credential form, but no society need wait for that. Delegates can be elected and given the usual credentials of their respective organizations, signed by the president and secretary of each. These will be subsequently passed upon by the committee on credentials of the Convention. The railroads have given rates at one and one-third fare.

ENGLISH ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF IRISH CONSTANCY.

Immediately after the recent general election the *Westminister Gazette*, published in London, contained a remarkable article, in the course of which it said:

"In the rush and whirl—so unexpected in its sweep—of the Unionist reaction in Great Britain the other great feature of the election is in some danger of escaping due attention. It is, of course, the remarkable and significant stanchness of the Irish Nationalists' vote. 'You English,' said one of the Irish leaders, 'have attempted to put forward the Irishman as a volatile, mercurial and impressionable animal, in contrast to the steady-going and phlegmatic John Bull. But we Irishmen, on the contrary, regard you as the volatile and mercurial creature. It is the Englishman who is the creature of whims and passions, blown about by every passing gust of feeling. Perhaps,' added the Irishman, 'it is natural. You English have got your liberties and can afford to take things lightly. We are in chains; the volatile elements in us are more or less weighed down by our fetters, we are bound to a single cause, and in us, therefore, you will find on the great political issues no choppings or changes.' These remarks recur to us with much emphasis today, for who can deny that there is an element of truth in them which present circumstances illustrate very powerfully?

"The wobbling of England, the constancy of Ireland—these are the two salient features of the general election of 1895. The moral of them respectively is not so diverse as are the phenomena themselves. Will there be among the victorious party any statesman bold enough and far-seeing enough to note the point of connection and grasp the opportunity which now offers? We all profess—English and Irish, Tories, Liberal Unionists and Liberals alike—to desire to see the Irish question out of the way.' But how is it to be got there? 'The wobbling of England.' Surely that fact carries a warning with it. What the English elector calls black one day, he may yet live, under the impression of some new sentiment, to call white another day. In 1886 he was off with Home Rule; in 1892 he was on; in 1895 he is off again. In 18— he will be—what? And meanwhile there is the other great fact of the elections—The constancy of Ireland. If the course of events since the autumn of 1890 has done nothing to weaken the force and volume of the constitutional demand of Ireland, to what can any far-seeing Unionist look for abatement? Just as coercion could not break the spirit of Nationalists, and the policy of sops did not bribe their fidelity, so neither have external discouragements and internal dissensions destroyed their hope. What a chance is presented to the new government, with its magnificent majority, to recognize the facts and to put the settlement of the Irish question in train by laying the foundation on truly imperial lines of real self government for Ireland in all purely Irish affairs'"

CIVIL SERVICE AGE LIMIT.

The reply of Civil Service Commissioners Clark, Waller and Hotz to the Hon. William E. Mason, who is contesting the forty-five-year age limit in the interest of the old soldiers, says in effect that said commissioners have no option in the matter. This, according to the bill passed by the legislature, regulating the civil service of cities, is not correct, because no specific age limit is fixed. It might be 70 or 45, according to the desire of the commissioners. Section 4, page 2 of the bill, reads thus: "Said commission shall make rules to carry out the purposes of this act, and for examinations, appointments and removals in accordance with its provisions, and the commission may, from time to time, *make changes in the original rules.*" Thus it will be seen that the Commissioners are free agents in the matter, and there is nothing to prevent them from doing justice to the veterans, and other citizens over 45 years of age, but their own sweet wills. The *Tribune* says that the Commissioners take the right view of the matter, because citizens over the established age, other than the old soldiers, would consider themselves unjustly treated if aged veterans were admitted to examination while they are excluded. Why should they be excluded? Is not the veteran editor of the *Tribune* about 70 years old, and are not his mental faculties as bright as they ever were? Could any member of the commission "hold a candle to him" in anything that requires intellectual strength for five minutes? There, too, is editor Dana of the New York *Sun*, who is over 70. Why should Mr. Dana be excluded from a civil service examination, if he desired to take one, because of age? He is an ornament to the journalistic profession and to the country. The age limit business is all wrong—the greatest blot on the rules made by the Commissioners. This absurd 45-year limit rule is resented by all men of and over that age, and they are a powerful element in this and in all cities. It should be changed at once, especially as the Commissioners have the power to change it.

DEMAND'S REPEAL OF THE "UNION."

One of the most singular results of the recent demolition of the British Liberal party is the peculiarly strong attitude assumed by the *Irish Catholic and Nation* of Dublin, said to be largely controlled by Archbishop Walsh and T. M. Healy, M.P., on the Irish question. The alliance with the Whigs is scouted, and, instead of Home Rule, the paper, hitherto so conservative, boldly demands repeal of the existing "Union" between Great Britain and Ireland. Between the terms "repeal" and "separation" there is, in the English mind, little to choose, but that makes no difference to the Irish race. In our own opinion, it will be quite as easy to obtain the one as the other, because neither will be granted until, as the London *Times* once wrote, "England is beaten to her knees." If we all unite, the world over, we can eventually beat the old monster to her knees, but it will need a bold, vigorous and united effort, and we must have a well defined policy and line of action. It will not do to have one section of the race advocating home rule; another Repeal of the Union; another total separation, and still another, the Orange and Tory element, the maintenance of the Union with England. However, the *Irish Catholic and Nation* puts forth its news vigorously and we give them as follows:

"The English Liberal party no longer exists. All that remains to represent it is a group of antagonistic nonentities, mainly Radicals and Secularists, owning scarcely a sympathy in common with our people. We are free, and that is the main point, and certainly if our words carry weight with our countrymen never again shall the folly prevail of permitting Ireland to be made the subject of experiment by doctrinaire Radical vivisectors, whose sole idea of politics appears to be to try how many ancient institutions can be lopped off or destroyed without annihilating the constitution of the realm. We take no puny or ignoble view of the destinies of Ireland; we have formed no narrow estimate of what constitutes the Irish Nation: we fix no provincial limits to the progress of that Nation once united and resolved upon securing the vindication of its rights and the restoration of its prosperity. We hope for and believe in the possibility of such unity and such action because we are no advocates of the separation of class from class, nor do we believe that the true interests of peasant and patrician can ever be antagonistic. The current of events and the pressure of circumstances—events and circumstances which have come into being and created a wholly new situation despite the will of Ireland herself—have conferred on our people of all creeds and classes a freedom which, in the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence, may yet prove the means for securing for the achievement of her liberty even the aid and support of certain elements and sympathies which have had the greatest share in bringing about the destruction of an English party whose cause was cursed by an ever increasing littleness of mind and an ever increasing vulgarity of aspiration.

'It is well, therefore, that the fact should be recognized, and that Irishmen themselves should be prompt to proclaim it that the first result of the victory secured by Lord Salisbury and his friends is the demolition of the compact which sets limits to the extent to which the National rights of the kingdom should be urged.

'The battle-cry which rings out to us through the mists of centuries falls on no deaf ears and cannot be stifled by the jubilations of those who hail the records of British pollings in 1895. We are free now, if we so decide, to take up the banner which has remained furled since the strong hand and mighty brain of Daniel O'Connell were paralyzed in death. Ireland is once more free to seek the restoration in the fullest degree of her ancient Constitution, enlarged by every popular alteration which since 1800 has modernized the parliamentary system of Great Britain, and accompanied by the creation of a responsible ministry—in one word, Repeal. REPEAL! There is music in the word to stir the Irish heart, for the echoes of glorious and worthy conflict linger in its syllables! We speak for no dead land, for no cowed and trembling people. We view without fear the electoral results which have brought boasts, loud and vaunting, to the lips of our enemies, and we tell them that—should our National councils so decide—our countrymen are today as ready as they ever were to renew the struggle for the restoration of their full rights which they have never forsworn, realizing as they do the great truth which the whole history of their land and race has burued into every fibre of their being that:—

They live, though crushed 'neath the despot's hand,
Whose souls proclaim resistance,
While they who move through a soulless land
Are dead, though they feign existence;
Nor pomp nor place give a people life—
They but live in the life of their nation:
Then better the fate of eternal strife
Than the peace of annihilation!"

A LIAR AND SLANDERER.

We regret to find the subjoined venomous, malignant and vulgar attack on the New Movement Convention to be held here this month, in the New York *Irish-American* of the 9th inst.:

"The so-called 'new departure' physical force Irish Convention, now being arranged for in Chicago, is humbug, pure and simple, added to admitted political scheming. There will be a number of good men there, it is true—foolish enthusiasts, bamboozled, through their ill-directed patriotic impulses, to lend their names and influence to bolster up the selfish ends of wily adventurers. The whole object of the Convention is to make a market for the so-called 'Irish influence' of a few knaves, in the coming Presidential campaign. It is an old game. The same men have played it profitably before."

The man who wrote the foregoing must have been either drunk or mad when he penned it. A more lying statement was never printed in a newspaper claiming to be respectable. If the men who are to meet in Chicago were the foul things the rabid slanderer in the *Irish-American* pictures them, they would deserve to be execrated not alone by Irish humanity, but by all humanity. What, in God's name, has any editor to gain by libeling his own countrymen? If he is a Catholic, he is a hypocrite, because the Catholic Church is the enemy of slanderers: and the writings of her greatest doctors teem with denunciation of liars and detractors. The very catechism placed in the hands of the Catholic child teaches the enormity of this dastardly offense. If venal Irish patriots who are out for hire are to be searched for in this country, they are much more likely to be found in the immediate neighborhood of the *Irish-American* office than deliberating in the Convention of the New Movement. Shame on the *Irish-American* to degrade itself by bearing false witness against men who are doing their best to aid the cause of Ireland! Its editor must have been bitten by a snake, and finds in stupid slander a method of getting rid of the poison.

"SECRET" CIRCULAR CUTTHROATS.

A dastardly attempt is being made by a set of shameless liars, who, unfortunately, bear Irish names, to fling dirt on the Convention of the New Movement to be held here on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday week. The modus operandi is by "secret" circulars, signed or unsigned, in which the most absurd and lying charges are made against the callers of the convention. The slanderers wish to make out that it is to be controlled by a clique, which exists only in their own crazy brains. How can it be so controlled when, in the words of the official call, "all Irish-American military, benevolent, athletic, religious and literary organizations" are invited to send delegates? As will be seen, further, the call is addressed to the "Irish-American citizens of the United States," and makes no mention of other countries. This is another refutation, if one were necessary, of the statement contained in one of the "secret" circulars, with which the country is flooded, that the signers of the call asserted that delegates of the Irish race from all over the world were expected to be present.

The "secret" circular is the weapon of cowards and moral cutthroats, whose vulgar venom must find some vent. No brave man, no decent man of any race, would descend to methods so base and dastardly. Were the men they so malignantly and wantonly attack anything like as base in nature as their contemptible maligners, the latter would not escape without receiving condign punishment. They are really too insignificant for serious notice—natural born malignants, who, like devils out of hell, delight in tormenting, or seeking to torment, every man who refuses to be their slave or their dupe. They are never so happy as when dabbling in their own dirt, and raising a fiercely foul smell in their immediate neighborhood. Unhappily their odor is so vile that it is often carried on the wings of the polluted wind to distant communities, which are shocked by the intolerable imported stench. The beasts delight in the pungent malodor of their own rottenness. They are the filthy Yahoos of Irish-American politics, and, at their name, every well conditioned citizen holds his nose, not knowing what new foul odor to expect. The "secret" circular is not an Irish mode of warfare, and the masses of the Irish-American people everywhere hold in deserved contempt the wretches who resort to such infamy. Let them be anathema.

OUR friend Dr. Desmond, of the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*, has at length designated the kind of medicine he needs in order to be truly happy—"War paint" on the inside of his bread basket. Go it, Doctor!

DESMOND JOHN EDMUND FITZGERALD, Knight of Glin, and a collateral descendant of the gallant Geraldine House of Desmond, died at the family seat, Glin Castle, county Limerick recently, in the fiftieth year of his age. He is succeeded by his son, Desmond Fitzgerald. A brother of the late Knight of Glin is a resident of Chicago, and is obliged to support himself and family by the sweat of his brow. So much for long descent and ancient glory.

IN the international boat race at New York, the Defender, American boat, won the first "heat." The American daily papers immediately came out with the fact that Lord Dunraven (O'Quin), owner of the defeated Valkyrie, is an Irishman! The second heat was won by the Valkyrie. The American daily press immediately claimed Dunraven as an Englishman!

IF candidates for Catholic countships are to be presented to the Pope from Chicago, THE CITIZEN begs leave, with all due timidity, to nominate for his holiness' best consideration our distinguished fellow-citizen, Col. and Doctor Washington Hesing, P. M.

THE present spell of hot September weather, although severe, is not unfamiliar to Chicagoans. September, in this region, is generally more like what August is supposed to be than August itself. The school-children suffer terribly from the heat. Would it not be better to have the public schools close from, say, July 20 to, say, Sept. 20, or from the third Friday in July to the third Friday in September than stick to the present system? September is our hottest and closest month.

THIS is the age, par excellence, of the meddler, the disturber and the busy body.

LADY "HANK" SOMERSET, the friend of Lady "Frank" Willard, who wants to reform mankind, has had a bad half hour with an English board of health. Her tenements were declared too foul for human occupancy and were ordered closed.

THE Irish papers say that the reception of Earl Cadogan, new Tory Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was a tame affair, notwithstanding contrary cable reports in the English and American press. When the English take snuff, the "Americans" generally sneeze. But there are Americans and Americans. One enterprising Irish sailor made sixpence a half minute by exhibiting Lord Cadogan cleaning his teeth through the port hole of his cabin on board the Connaught.

WHY this sudden stoppage of the water tapping hunt at the Stock Yards? Why not investigate all the establishments since any were investigated? Will William D. Kent please rise and explain?

THIS is the age of adulteration. God has given to America magnificent food capabilites. It is a land teeming with milk and honey, cheese and butter, beef, pork, mutton, fowl, fruits, and vegetables of all kinds. It is also a land much afflicted with rogues. The recent exposure of dishonest milkmen in this city will do a world of good. A man who sells adulterated or unhealthy milk to a family is, constructively, a child killer. He may also imperil the lives of adults. The punishment meted out to such offenders is not half severe enough.

THE RULE O' THREE.

[Scene—Board room of City Civil Service Commission. Time, 11 o'clock p. m. Dramatis Personæ, Messrs. Clark, Waller, Hotz and Secretary Phelps.]

Clark sings (briskly) to the air of "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut":

Oh, Jockey drew a set o' rules,
And Rob and Christie came to see,
Three blither loons the lee lang nicht
Ye wad na find frae sea to sea.

For we're nae fools, we who drew the rules
That gie to us this fair citee,
The "boss" may glare, the "boys" may swear,
But aye we'll stick to the Rule o' Three!

Waller (excitedly)—Why, confound it, John, your voice is all gone. Let me take up the burden.

Waller sings (boldly):

Yon is the May'r—I ken his pow
That's blinking aye sae oililee,
'Tis in his wame to drive us hame,
But by our sauls he'll wait a wee!

For we're nae fools, we who drew the rules
That euchered fair the May'r's Billee,
The May'r may stare, or go curl his hair,
But aye we'll bide by the Rule o' Three!

Hotz—Oh, you Yankees can't sing. Got no voice. It takes a German to do that sort of thing. Let me show you how.

Hotz sings (dreamily):

Here are we met, three happy loons,
Three happy loons I trow are we,
We draw our pay, and our work is play,
For we fairly "run" this fair citee.

Oh, we're no fools, we who drew the rules
That gie us a' sic muckle glee,
Even Melly Stone wi' the stiff backbone,
Says there's nae rule like the Rule o' Three!

Clark—Oh, hang it, that won't do at all (calls) Phelps! Phelps! Where the d—l is Phelps?

Phelps (entering excitedly)—Did your gracious majesty please to call your devoted slave?

Clark—That's what my gracious majesty did. You should always be within call. Why weren't you?

Phelps—Sire, you know there is to be an examination for scrub-women in the city hall tomorrow, and I was brushing up on the hic, hæc hoc, and amo, amas.

Clark—Tut, tut! Never mind the amo, amas, where a woman is concerned. How's this it used to go in my young days?

Amo, amas, I loved a lass
Who was both tall and slender—

However, never mind. We want you to sing a verse of this song, written at Brown's Lake, by John Badenoch, who roosts up there in summer. It's very fine, I think.

Phelps sings:

Wha first shall vote to change the law,
A craven, crawling loon is he,
Wha votes by it—to stan' or fa'
Shall aye be lov'd amang us three.

For we're nae fools, we who drew the rules
That make us a' sae fu' o' glee,
The Mayr's nae mair, his heart is sair,
That e'er he learned the Rule o' Three!

Phelps—How often does 783 go into a hundred?

Clark—Damfino. Go ask Col. Ela.

Phelps—He doesn't know any more than myself.

Waller—Then try John H. Hamline.

Phelps—He knows less.

Hotz—Ach, why not you try Harry Rubens? He knows everything.

Phelps—A good suggestion. Departs singing:

Five times five are twenty-five,
And six times five are thirty;
Seven times five are thirty-five,
And eight times five are forty.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up:
Yankee Doodle dandy, etc.

◆

Brother O'Neill, so long connected with the parochial school of the Holy Family (Jesuit) church, died last Tuesday. He had been in failing health for some time. Brother O'Neill was, perhaps, the best known lay religious in Chicago.

◆

Capt. Thomas Brenan's Catholic friends, of influence, are busying themselves about getting him the title of Count from the Pope. Capt. Brenan, with characteristic good sense and modesty, on being interviewed, said the title of American citizen is good enough for him.

◆

It was poor economy for Chief of Police Badenoch to withdraw police protection from the crowded public schools of this city. The lives of the little ones are much more precious than a few miserable thousand dollars. The present administration, from head to foot, has a wonderful talent for getting itself disliked.

◆

The question that now agitates the Chicago public is, Who got the best of that Lake Front deal, Mayor Swift, the railroad company or the people?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. H.," Burlington, Ia.—The "private" circular to which you make reference is a tissue of lies from beginning to end, and is simply a low piece of villainy, concocted by low and vicious minds. Pay no heed to it, or to any other shallow or weak "device of the enemy." The same reply covers the inquiries of many other correspondents.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

The Flames Still Spreading From State to State and Town to Town.

Illinois, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Montana, Ohio, Tennessee and District of Columbia in Line.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OFFICERS.

The officers of the Executive Committee in Chicago are as follows: President, John J. O'Connell; Secretary, John T. Keating; Committee Clerk, M. F. Fanning. Chairmen of Sub-Committees—Hall, Lawrence Henely; Finance, W. H. Joyce; Railroads and Transportation, Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick; Press, J. J. Gubbins; Reception, Major Wm. McCoy.

All communications relating to the business of the executive committee should be addressed to the secretary, John T. Keating, McCoy's Hotel, Van Buren and Clark streets, Chicago, and all correspondence on the general affairs of the New Movement to the acting secretary, John P. Sutton, No. 51 West Thirteenth street, New York City.

FROM DIVISION 26, A. O. H.

At a regular meeting of Division 26, A. O. H., held at Fifty-first street and Wentworth avenue, last month, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of Division 26, having carefully watched the work of the Irish Parliamentary party and noted the results of their labors, have been forced to the conclusion that no advantageous or remedial measures can be obtained through their efforts, and having supported them for years, we must now decline to assist any longer, financially or otherwise, a so-called constitutional party; and, be it further

Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves to support, by every legitimate means, a physical force party, established on a good, sound working basis, believing, as we now do, that it is the only means calculated to convince the hypocritical and tyrannical Saxon that Irishmen are in earnest in demanding the restoration of the independence of Ireland.

Felix Hughes, president; Hugh McNally, recording secretary; James Kerwin, financial secretary; P. J. Reynolds, William O'Neill, Michael Sullivan, committee.

FROM DANBURY, CONN.

At a regular meeting of the Emmet Club of Danbury, Conn., held Aug. 27, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The petty quarrelling among the Irish members in parliament and out of parliament has made the Irish race the world over thoroughly disgusted, and believing that parliamentary agitation is a regular farce; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Emmet Club of Danbury endorse the New Movement, and pledge it our moral and financial aid, and hope this movement will extricate Ireland from the yoke of British tyranny and oppression.

Mark Griffin, John J. Blake, John Walsh, committee.

FROM SOUTH MANCHESTER, N. H.

At a meeting of the O'Mahony Club of South Manchester, N. H., held Aug. 7, the following report of the committee on resolutions was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, A convention of the Irish people in America is about to assemble for the purpose of devising means by which Ireland can throw off the yoke of English oppression; and,

Whereas, The members of the O'Mahony Club believe that the only solution for Ireland's wrongs is the expulsion of the English power; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the O'Mahony Club, heartily endorse the proposed convention, and promise to sustain it.

Maurice A. Moriarty, William M. Keating, John Egan, Martin K. Fenelon, William E. Gleason, committee.

FROM ANACONDA, MONT.

At a meeting of Div. 1, A. O. H., held in Anaconda, Mont., on Sept. 4, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, A convention of the Irish will assemble in Chicago this month for the purpose of adopting a declaration of independence for Ireland; and

Whereas, The result of the late parliamentary election in Great Britain shows to the world that Englishmen wish to govern Ireland only by brute force and coercion; therefore, be it

Resolved, That whatever action may be taken by said convention, we, the A. O. H. of Anaconda, will heartily endorse the same, and we appeal to the Irish race in general, especially to those who love freedom, to take the same stand.

Peter Hale, Michael McDevitt, John McAndrews, Owen O'Neill, T. J. McCarthy, Committee.

FROM BUTTE CITY, MONT.

At a regular meeting of Divison No. 1, A. O. H., of Butte City, Mont., President M. J. Burke in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Some of the representative and influential men of our race in America have called a convention, to be held in Chicago in September for the purpose of inaugurating what is to be known in Irish politics as the New Movement; and

Whereas, The object of said movement will be, so far as we can learn, to rid Ireland of the accursed yoke of English tyranny by other means than parliamentary and moral and peaceful agitation; and

Whereas, We firmly believe and hold that the only and logical remedy for the grievances of the people of Ireland lies in the bayonet and battlefield; legislation in an alien parliament having proved, so far as Ireland is concerned, a dismal failure; nothing but a delusion and a snare, and as there is no guarantee that John Bull will not continue to act in the future as he has in the past; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, and members of the most powerful Irish organization in America, heartily approve of any honorable plan that the Chicago convention may devise, which may lead to the complete and absolute independence of Ireland.

Resolved, That we pledge our moral, financial and physical support to any independent and aggressive policy that may be adopted by the convention; and, be it further

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to The Citizen and *Irish Republic* for publication.

Jerry J. Lynch, Quinn Crowley, Anthony Shovlin, Larry Duggan, John R. Murphy, committee.

DELEGATES FROM NASHVILLE, TENN.

There was a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Hibernian Benevolent Society at their hall, last Sunday week, it being a regular meeting. It was by far the largest gathering since the annual election of officers. The following delegates were elected to the New Irish Movement convention, to be held at Chicago, Sept. 24, 25 and 26: James Killelea, M. J. Martin and Wm. Kelly.

FROM COLUMBUS, O.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., of Columbus, O., held Sept. 9, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The members of Div. 1, A. O. H., of Columbus, O., recognizing the injustice that has so long been inflicted upon Ireland, the burdens under which she has so patiently and so bravely struggled, and cherishing the hope that all wrongs may soon be righted; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we most heartily endorse the New Movement having for its object the speedy and permanent liberty of the beloved land of our fathers.

Resolved, That we commend the patriotism and loyalty of the noble spirits who have originated and are furthering this most glorious cause, and that we pledge to them our hearty co-operation and assure them our loyal support.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to The Citizen and the *Irish Republic*, of New York, for publication.

Thomas O'Hare, Denis Flanagan, M. J. Barry, James C. Cleary, Charles Conroy, Committee.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

[*To the Editor.*]

Washington, D. C., Sept. 12.—No matter what unpatriotic critics may say of the New Movement for Irish liberty, there is no doubt but the coming convention will be the greatest one ever held by the Irish race in this country. The time has now come for Irishmen all over the world—especially in this great land of liberty—to speak out with no uncertain voice, or be forever silent. The time has now arrived when we should meet, and take counsel, one with another, whether poor, betrayed and deluded Ireland shall be for another century on her knees before her merciless enemy, false and cruel Albion.

Let us hope that on this great occasion our countrymen will gather from every section of this great land, and from this greatest of our conventions will send a message of hope and encouragement to their kindred who are anxiously waiting across the dark blue sea. There is no doubt but the able and distinguished leaders of this great New Movement, which has taken so deep a hold on the minds of our people, will approach their great and responsible mission prudently and calmly, and with that deep and earnest patriotism so characteristic of them when planning and working in the sacred cause of Irish nationality. England must be taught that if she refuses full and complete justice to Ireland by the restoration of her ancient autonomy, and for which up to the present they have been fighting English power within the lines of her own constitution. If they are, in the future, driven to fight otherwise they cannot be censured, and may that characteristic spirit of resistance and indomitable pluck inspire every Irish heart and strengthen every Irish arm in dealing with the abominable system of English rule, and all its attendant evils which rotten and effete Toryism intends, by latest news, to inflict on our unhappy people who have on their side the sympathy of all christendom, and whose cause is approved by the leading and greatest of English and American statesmen.

In three years more the anniversary of Ireland's gallant struggle for liberty and independence will have come around, and let Irishmen from the East and the West, and from the North and the South assemble as they never did before, and make this greatest of our conventions the occasion of the grandest outpouring of Irish National sentiment that ever hurled back defiance to the old-time Tory enemies of Ireland and America. See to it, Irishmen, that our struggle with England must not extend into the twentieth century without one record of a complete and glorious victory. Once again I would repeat in clarion tones, through the columns of your uncompromising and always true and patriotic journal, that has ever nobly held aloft and hung out the banner of Irish nationality on your outer walls, to my beloved countrymen all over this great land, to come like a host of freedom to our grand convention, and to come with a steady, firm and fixed resolve that Ireland must be free.

Steady! host of freedom, steady!
Ponder, gather, watch mature;
Tranquil be tho' ever ready—
Prompt to act and to endure.

Freedom's bark to port is running,
But beware the lurking shelves;
And would you conquer tyrants' cunning?
Brethren, conquer first yourselves.

Steady! Steady! ranks of freedom,
Pure and holy are our bands;
Heaven approves, and angels lead them,
For truth and justice are our brands.

Donatus O'Brien.

That Tired Feeling should be overcame at once or it may end most seriously. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and prevent sickness and suffering later in the season.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

NATIONAL HUMOR.

Some of the Bright Things Said and Written by the French.

Gallic Wits and Humorists, from Ruteboeuf to Renan.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

M. Renan once said "teach all nations to laugh in French," and he further declared that the French language, manners, wines and songs had exercised an apostleship of good humor and humanity throughout the world. No one is likely to dispute that for gaiety and cheerfulness the Frenchman has no rival. He is always ready to talk and make himself generally agreeable, and being much less selfish and less self-centered in social intercoure that the Englishman, he is ever anxious to give pleasure. The Parisian especially never fails to be witty, and to desire to amuse and be amused. Even in times of gloom and trouble the French preserve their proverbial lightheartedness. During the Revolution there appeared in one column the list of the victims of the guillotine and in the next a list of "to-night's entertainments.' And to that period belong two of the most brilliant of French wits—Chamfort and Rivarol. It was the former who said of the old regime that it was an "absolute monarcny tempered by good sayings."

At the time of the siege, too, many anecdotes are told of the Parisian's good humor and gaiety. In a lately published book, a gentlemen who was in Paris during the siege, tells the following story:

A man seeing a rabbit hanging up in a shop asked the price. "Forty-five francs, sir," was the answer. "You are joking! Forty-five francs! It's mighty ridiculous," protested the would-be purchaser. "I am not joking, sir; I cannot take anything else." Thereupon the man went away. But he had scarcely gone a few steps when the dealer called him back. "Well, how much are you going to take off?" "I am not going to take off a penny, but I thought I might tell you that this rabbit played the drum."

Wit is inborn in the Frenchman; he is endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous, and will have wit at all times and at any price. And it must be remembered that the utterance of pointed sayings and quickness of repartee, are not confined to men of letters and men of education alone, but may be met with in all classes. It has been stated over and over again that French literature contains much wit and but little humor; like most assertions of this class it is only partly true. As humorists of the finest type, Rabelais and Moliere stand only second to Shakespeare. "Panurge" runs "Falstaff" very close, and the rogueries and comicalities of "Scalpin" and "Mascarille" are hard to match. It is apart from my purpose to enter into any elaborate discussion on the distinction between wit and humor. Humor has been aptly defined as thinking in jest while feeling in earnest, and wit as thinking in jest without any underlying seriousness. There is no doubt that seriousness and humor go together, and that the most serious natures in the world are the most humorous. In the literatures of the world, those written in the English and Spanish languages must bear the palm for humor. While humor is always based on temperament and feeling, wit is a purely intellectual faculty, the product of art and fancy, and in dealing with the lighter side of French literature, as we have now to do, it is the latter quality we shall find the more abundant. French wit is a thing apart. The peculiar kind of delight it affords is a matter of perception and not of argument. Its substance is so delicate and airy that only the French words *esprit* and *spirituel* adequately describe it. The literatures af other nations possess nothing that can be compared with its sparkling vivacity and effervescent gaiety.

As literature is, after all, nothing more than a reflection of the finest and most beautiful thoughts of men and women, we shall find that this lighter side of French literature reflects many of the most distinctive characteristics of the mind and temper of the French people. It must also be remembered that the French language is particularly adapted for the expression of wit and fancy, and that French writers wield it with an unequalled perfection of style and with a fine artistic taste. The most eminent critics are unanimously agreed that French literature is greatest on its lighter side and that no one can surpass the French in telling a tale or in pointing jest or epigram. It is worthy of notice that all, or nearly all, remarkable personages in France have some witticism attached to their name, and Talleyrand is more generally remembered as the man who said, "Speech is given us to conceal our thoughts," than as the founder of Napoleon's empire.

Wit is to be found in the literature of France earlier than in that of most all other nations. It first appears in the twelfth century and has ever since formed a large part and an important one in French prose and verse. But the beginning of the Middle Ages does not afford much that calls for remark. The comic episodes of the *Chansons de Geste* offer nothing that is very distinctive, and not much more can be said for the parodies of them that have reached us.

"The Humor of France," translated by Elizabeth Lee, and published by Walter Scott, London, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a capital collection of selections from the many French wits of several centuries. The editor takes the fabliaux first, as they are the real beginning of the distinctive wit which we now know as French, and gives several excellent examples of them.

Rutebeuf, born 1230, is the first named author in the collection. This personage was one of the *trouvères*, and little is known about his life beyond a few allusions in his verse. His name even seems to be assumed. Rutebeuf wrote a great deal of verse, personal, comic, satirical and devotional.

The next famous writer, and the first truly great poet of the people, was Francis Villon, born in Paris in 1431. He led a wild, irregular life, and died about the end of the century. His poems are distinguished for their sweetness of melody, art of expression, genuine pathos, grim, sardonic humor and marvelous truth of expression. He gives us a perfect picture of fifteenth century Paris. No writer has handled the *ballade* with more exquisite skill or more enduring success.

The most characteristic French wit, however, seems to be in anecdotes, told in an epigrammatic style. Here are a few samples taken from Miss Lee's Book:

A man said: "Cicero must have been extremely fond of his fifth brother: he addresses so many of his compositions, *ad quintum fratrem.*"

A wife weeping for her husband, said: "Alas! he was always telling me to go to the devil; but he's gone there first."

A dentist's apprentice took out two teeth instead of one from a patient. The man loudly remonstrated. "Be quiet," said the apprentice. "If my my master knows it he will charge you for both."

The following sounds a little like an Hibernicism: M. de Saintes related how he was one night awakened by a pistol shot in his room. "What's that?" "Oh, sir, I was afraid the mouse would wake you, so I killed it."

A very bright little bit by Pierre Ronsard (1524-1585) is The Hour Glass:

Dear Tom, d'ye see the rill
Of sand within this phial?
It runs like in a mill
And tells time like a dial.

That sand was once Ronsard,
Till Bessie D—— looked at him.
Her eye burnt up the bard—
He's pulverized! an atom.

Now at this tale so horrid,
Pray learn to keep your smile hid,
For Bessie's zone is "torrid,"
And fire is in her eyelid.

The greatest of all French humorists is, without a doubt, the immortal Rabelais, scholar, philosopher, story-teller, satirist, monk and doctor of medicine—all at once. Sainte-Beuve calls him "notre Shakespeare dans le comique," and as has been observed by an eminent critic, "Panurge" runs the tunbellied knight very close. It would be impossible in an article of this kind to give any detailed account of the "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel." Suffice it to indicate some of the more amusing passages. Gargantua, who is, of course, a giant—in fact, they are all giants—rides a great mare to Paris, and by the whisking of her tail knocks down great forests. After a battle Gargantua combs the cannon balls out of his hair, and on another occasion eats up six pilgrims in a salad, and they live for some time in the valleys and recesses of his mouth. The description of the Valley of Thelema, with its famous motto, *Fais ce que voudrais*, is too well known to need repetition here. The meeting of Pantagruel with Panurge, who addresses him in thirteen different languages, with no result, and at last discovers that he, too, is a native of France, is extremely diverting. So is the discourse of the pleasure and profit of being in debt, and on the advisability of Panurge getting married. The episode of Judge Bridoise, who decides his cases by a throw of the dice, is considered by many the best piece of humor in Rabelais. And then there is the great storm and Panurge's cowardice, and the melting of the frozen words. Rabelais can be serious, but more generally he revels in wild buffoonery, and is more often than not, exceedingly coarse. In knowledge of human nature he stands second only to Shakespeare, and will live for all time as one of the world's greatest humorists.

Another great writer of the Renaissance, Montaigne the essayist, ranks also as a humorist. To him belongs the honor of first using the word "essay" in its modern sense. Hazlitt says of him that "he was the first who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man." He discourses in desultory fashion, half humorous, half serious, of all that concerns man and his life on this planet. Like many more of the French wits he considers marriage an excellent mark for his arrows. Here are some of his quips on that subject:

"If rightly taken marriage is one of the best of human societies. We cannot live without it and yet we do nothing but decry it. It happens as with cages: the birds without despair of getting in, and those within despair of getting out. Socrates being asked whether it was more commodious to take a wife or not answered: "Let a man take which course he will," said he, "he will be sure to repent."

"That so few are to be found happy is a token of its preciousness and value.

"Men do not marry for themselves, though they may say so; they marry as much or more for posterity—for their family."

The seventeenth century is pre-eminently the golden age of French literature, and among the many great names of that epoch, one stands out boldly—that of Moliere, the greatest writer of comedy, excepting Shakespeare, the world has produced. Like the great Bard of Avon, being actor as well as dramatist, he thoroughly understood the exigencies of the stage. He has left an immortal and inimitable gallery of portraits in his comedies, all of which were taken from nature with but slight exaggeration. He studied his types at first hand and they possess an imperishable truth.

A host of imitators followed Moliere, of whom Regnard is the best. LaFontaine, good-humored and easy-going, belonged to this period. His inimitable fables will live and please as long as the world exists. Voiture, St. Amant, Benserade, Scarron, Furetiere, Sazarin, Boisrobert, Madame de Sevigne, and last though not least, Boileau, rise in our minds as belonging to the lighter literature of this time. Most of them excelled in the art of badinage, so dear to the French, and especially to the ladies of the Rambouillet circle.

The eighteenth century presents a long roll of comic writers, among whom Lesage, Beaumarchais, Destouches, Marivaux, Piron, Gresset and Sedaine are the chief. The two first have a world-wide reputation, and Gil Blas and Figaro are familiar to all. Lesage's comedy of "Tucaret" is a vigorous and amusing satire on the life of his time especially on the financiers. But he is better known as the author of "Gil Blas."

During the present century we have Beranger, Dumas, Paul de Kock, Balzac, Gautier, Chavette, O'Monroy, Mendes, Maupassant Daudet and many other writers who have contributed much to French humor. The great trend of these latter writers has been toward newspaper humor, and in that they have excelled all their predecessors. Some of the bits contributed to this class of wit are extremely good.

We give a few:

"One day the Count of S. met M. de V., and said: 'Is it true Monsier, that at a certain house where people were good enough to say I had wit, you declared that I hadn't any.' 'Monsieur, I assure you that there's not a word of truth in it. I have never been at a house where people said you had wit.'

"Madame de X. recently purchased a large estate in a department bordering on the Pyrenees. Wishing to make herself popular she asked the mayors of the neighboring parishes to furnish her with a list of the most deserving poor persons in order that she might minister to their wants. One of the functionaries said to her: 'Here is a poor old woman, a very decent sort of a person. Her husband used to go around with a dancing bear. The creature, though very gentle and very tame, one day threw itself on its master and ate him up. The man died—' 'Alas! my good sir,' the old woman broke in, 'since that moment the poor beast and myself have been homeless.' 'What! the beast? Is it the same that devoured your husband?' 'Alas! my good sir, it is all that is left me of the dear departed.'

"In a draper's shop.—Young woman—'How much is this muslin?" The shopman (gallantly), 'one kiss the yard.' Young woman, 'Give me ten yards.' Shopman, 'That will be ten kisses." Young woman, 'Certainly. Send the bill to my grandmother!"

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dhecair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Acht atá nidh cheana; an uair ba fhada le Fionn agus le n-a mhuintir mac Ui Dhuibhne do bheith i n-a n-eugmais, do rinneadar dréimireadha de theudaibh na loinge i n-aghaidh na beinne agus na carraige ar long mhic Ui Dhuibhne. Do fuair Fionn agus a mhuintir fuigheall feola mhic Ui Dhuibhne agus ni dhuaidh fuigheall feola d'á raibh aige ariamh. Feuchas Fionn de gach leith dhe agus do chonnairc marcach ins an máigh d'á ionnsaighidh agus steud dubh-dhonn dath-álainn faoi shrian dheághmhaiseach dearg-óir. Beannaighios d'Fhionn an trá tháinig do láthair, agus do chrom a cheann agus thug teora póg dó agus iarrus é leis d'á árus. Do chuadar i bh-fad agus i g-céin as sin agus fuaradar longphort leathanmhór lán armach rómpa agus tiugh-slóigh ar faithche an dúna. Tri lá agus teora oidhche d'Fionn agus d'á mhuintir ins an dún sin agus an fleadh is feárr d'á bh-fuair ariamh ag a dheághthabhairt dóibh. Fiafraighios Fionn i g-cionn na h-aimsire sin cia h-i an chathair no an chrioch i n-a raibh. Adubhairt gurab i sin crioch na Sorcha agus gurab é féin ri na Sorcha, agus go raibh bliadhain arthuilleamh agus ar thuarastal Fhinn i n-Eirinn agus nár chuir thairis bliadhain ba h-aite leis ioná í.

Do commóradh lá aonaigh agus árdoireachtais le Fionn agus le righ na Sorcha an uair sin, agus do chonnarcadar bain-eachlach ag teacht ins an aonach d'á n-ionsaighidh, i bainghilla turais. Fiafraigios an ri sgeula dhi. Adubhairt sise go raibh sgeula aici, .i. go rabhadar clúmhsa an chuain agus an chaladhphoirt lán de luathbharcaibh; sluagh ar fad na tire agus iad ag deanamh éadála na criche. "Aithnimse sin," ar ri na Sorcha, "ard-ri Ghréig atá ann," ar sé, "ag deanamh gabháltas ar feadh an domhain, agus do b'áil leis an domhan mór do chur fá smacht agus fá chios dó féin agus gabhaidh an chrich-se mar gach crich eile. Feuchas ri na Sorcha ar Fhionn an uair sin agus do thuig Fionn aige féin gurab ag iarraidh chabhra agus cindighthe ar féin do bhi an ri. "Gabhaim-se cosnamh agus coimeud na criche-se orm" ar Fionn, "no go bh-fagbhad í."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 19, A. O. H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call to Himself from a life of usefulness our esteemed brother, Jeremiah Herbert; and,

Whereas, Div. 19, A. O. H., has, in his death, lost an efficient officer, a sterling Hibernian, and an exemplary religious member; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, in behalf of Div. 19, tender to his bereaved sisters our heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of affliction; and, be it further

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be presented to his sisters, that our charter be draped for a period of sixty days, and that the same be published in The Citizen and *New World*.

Timothy C. Kelly, M. Kennedy, T. O'Shea, Committee.

Irish-American Lyceum.

The executive committee of the Irish-American Lyceum have decided to hold their first regular monthly meeting for the coming season at Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, on the second Monday in October. A musical and literary programme is being arranged, and will shortly be announced. Applications for tickets should be made to John J. Sherlock, secretary, No. 185 East Superior street.

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TWO POKER STORIES.

ONE IN WHICH JAY GOULD FIGURED, ANOTHER TOLD BY DEPEW.

The Railway King Was Slow to Sit In, but He Got There—His Generosity Toward the Youthful Plunger—The Man Who Always Paid His Losses With Checks.

Jay Gould rarely played poker. His horror of all games of chance was proverbial. About 15 years ago he happened to be in a Chicago hotel where a merry party was playing. One of the party was a bright looking young fellow about 28 years old, who was plunging recklessly. Fortune seemed to forsake her usual habits on this occasion and showered her favors on her tempter with a lavish hand. All drank freely.

Pot after pot was raked in by the young man, amid the hilarious shouts of his companions, who were evidently there for a good time, and lost cheerfully.

Mr. Gould looked on, but offered no comments until one of the party said he must go. Then they all turned round and asked the millionaire to take a hand. Not one of them knew who he was. He quietly refused. The game continued, and as fresh supplies of wine flushed the players' faces, they grew more reckless and made the game without limit. Finally the plunger staggered to his feet and said to Mr. Gould:

"See here, mister, just take a hand or two. We'll make it a 10 cent limit if you will."

Gould was stung by the sarcasm.

"Yes, I will play," he said, "but you must not alter your game. It will be the first time I have played poker in years, but I guess I'll soon learn again."

The game started, and the plunger opened the pot for $1,000. He chuckled as he did so, and fingered his winnings, which amounted to some $7,000. The others staid and Mr. Gould raised the pot $1,000.

"A thousand better," shouted the reckless one.

"Twenty thousand better," said Gould, taking out a roll of $1,000 bills and laying 20 on the table.

The young man sank back in his chair quite sobered by the shock. He pulled himself together, and forcing a smile to his now anxious face he said:

"I have not that amount with me, but if you'll accept my word and that of my friends, why, I'll see you."

"All right," replied Gould, with a grim chuckle, "I'll take your bill."

The note was drawn out, and the young man laid down four kings.

"No good," said Gould, raking in the pot. "Four aces." He then left the room.

The young man was utterly ruined. He said that after he met the note he would not have $500 in the world and dare not face his wife and child. As he was about to leave the hotel a waiter stepped up to him and said a gentleman wished to see him. Quite bewildered by the night's events, he was shown to Mr. Gould's room.

"Young man," said Gould, "I learn that you occupy a prominent position in the city. You have a young wife at home who is devoted to you, and who is probably holding in her arms your baby boy and waiting for you this moment. You have ruined yourself, your wife and your little one for half an hour's pleasure, and it is quite evident that you are not a fit person to own anything more than a $20 bill. What is your wife's name?"

The plunger, now sobered, told him. Mr. Gould sat down, and writing across the note said: "Now here is your note, made payable to your wife's order."

As the poor fellow slowly read it over and saw who was his benefactor Gould continued:

"Now go home. Don't stop here gaping, but tell your wife I hope she will take better care of the money than you can."

He rose and pushed the young man gently from the room.

When Dr. Chauncey M. Depew was asked for a poker story some time ago, he said he had no personal experiences, but raked out of his box of stories a tale that he sometimes tells over the dinner table.

The genial railroad magnate said he was in a small town in Massachusetts where a celebrated poker ring was operating. The central figure was an eccentric farmer nearly 90 years old, who had played poker since he could hold a card. He was extremely wealthy, but always refused to settle until the game was finished, when he would give checks for the amount of his losses. The game had been in progress some hours, and the old man had raked in a tremendous amount of cash.

An excitable young man about 20 years old was the victim of the evening. He had lost every cent he had in the world—some $300, which had all found its way into the old man's pocket.

Then the luck turned. He held four aces. The old man had four kings. The betting ran so high that the other players dropped out of the game. In less than ten minutes $1,500 was on the table. When the hands were shown, the young fellow was jubilant, but the fates were against him.

The old man drew out his checkbook, called for a pen and some ink, and then dropped dead. The young man's money paid for his funeral.—New York Press.

More Succinct Than Ollendorf.

Probably the author of Ollendorf is flattered by imitation. If so, he must be pleased with this extract from Mr. Gilbert Parker's "When Valmond Came to Pontiac:"

"Where do you go, dwarf?" he said.

"I go to the Ancient House," he made answer to himself.

"What do you go to get?"

"I do not go to get. I go to give."

"What do you go to give?"

"I go to leave an empty basket at the door and the lantern that the shopkeeper set in the hands of the peddler."—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
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Glasgow In the Last Century.

Though still only a quiet, but picturesque old place, nestling about the cathedral and the college, and two fine but sleepy streets, in which carriers build their haystacks out before their doors, it was carrying on a trade which was even then cosmopolitan. The ships of Glasgow were in all the waters of the world, and its merchants had won the lead in at least one important branch of commerce, the West India tobacco trade, and were founding industries every year. Before the middle of the century the Clyde had become the chief European emporium for American tobacco, which foreign countries were not then allowed to import directly, and three-fourths of the tobacco was immediately on arrival transhipped by the Glasgow merchants for the seaports of the Mediterranean, the Baltic and the North sea.

As they widened their connections abroad they naturally developed their industries at home. They founded the Smithfield Iron works, and imported iron from Russia and Sweden to make hoes and spades for the negroes of Maryland. They founded the Glasgow tannery in 1742, which Pennant thought an amazing sight, and where they employed 300 men making saddles and shoes for the plantations. They opened the Pollokshaws linen print field in 1742, copper and tin works in 1747, the Delfifield pottery in 1748. They began to manufacture carpets and crape in 1759, silk in 1759 and leather gloves in 1763. They opened the first Glasgow bank—the Ship—in 1750, and the second—the Arms—in 1752. They first began to improve the navigation of the Clyde by the act of 1759. They built a dry dock at their harbor of Port Glasgow in 1762, while in 1768 they deepened the Clyde up to the city, and began the canal to the Forth for their trade with the Baltic. It was obvious therefore that this was a period of unique commercial expansion.—"Life of Adam Smith," by John Rae.

Profitable Ventriloquism.

Brewster tells of a master in his art, Louis Brabant, a valet de chambre to Francis I, whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit, and while he was present she heard the voice of her deceased husband expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened, she consented. Brabant deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage agreements, but not having much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money lending banker as it had been with the widow.

Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the subject should turn upon the subject of demons, specters, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once.

Brabant went next day and resumed the conversation, when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relatives, all telling the same terrible story and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer. He placed 10,000 crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist, who of course forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else.—Lippincott's.

Bad Is Good, and Good Is Bad.

The Saunterer is the victim of many woes. Imagine his conflicting emotions when reading the manuscript of a contribution like the following:

"I'm in a fix, old man."

"How so?"

"I asked old Popham last night if I might propose to his daughter."

"Well?"

"He seemed rather inclined to assent."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad."

"Why?"

"Because I have thought better of the matter by sleeping over it and now don't want to get married."

"That's bad."

"No, good—good in principle."

"But did he consent to your suggestion?"

"No."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad, because he asked me what my prospects were."

"What are they?"

"Good."

"That's bad."

"I referred him to my uncle, who intends to make me his heir, and who, in any case, will make me a handsome allowance if I marry. Popham, when he has this confirmed to him, is sure to tell me to go in and win, and I cannot then withdraw."

"That's bad. But there is a very simple way out of the difficulty."

"Bless you, old man! Explain! Explain!"

"All you have to do is to put your uncle up to the wrinkle and let him say he has cut you off with a shilling."

"That's good."

"Not bad."—Boston Budget.

After a Lion.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" whispered a society lady to Lady Bulwer at a party. "I should so like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam, the dean has done something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me, you don't say so? What a dreadful thing!" said the lady in a breath. "And what was it?" she added.

"Well, about 100 years ago he died."—London World.

EYEGLASSES FOR NEW YORKERS.

The Costly Oculist, Cheaper Optician and Cheapest Corner Stand.

Opticians crowd this town almost as they crowd Boston. You may count six or eight in two blocks of East Twenty-third street, and there are scores up and down Broadway, while dry goods shops and corner stands sell eyeglasses to those that will buy. It costs from 75 cents to nearly as many dollars to be fitted with a first pair of eyeglasses. Those that go to the oculist for a prescription as preliminary to putting on glasses must pay him from $10 to $25, or if the eyes need treatment from $25 to $100, according to the nature and length of the treatment and the accustomed charges of the oculist.

When the patient is ready to buy his glasses, he takes the prescription of the oculist to an optician and orders them. Being made to order especially for the patient, they may cost anywhere from $2.50 to $15. Persons with complicated disorders of the eye really wear from two to five pairs of glasses in one. Some prescriptions call for two separate pairs, and no prudent man is content to have only one pair of glasses by him, since the loss of his single pair may mean the loss of a day's work or considerable injury to the eyes.

The most careful opticians refuse to examine the eyes of persons that come after eyeglasses, perhaps because the oculists do not send patients with prescriptions to opticians that undertake to perform the work of the oculist. The most expensive way to purchase glasses is through the oculist and the optician. Some very careful persons always visit an oculist before making a change in the power of their glasses. Others simply go on increasing the strength as need seems to direct. It is a good deal cheaper to buy of the oculist-optician, and some persons believe it to be quite as safe as the more expensive method. It is entirely probable that for ordinary conditions of the eye the oculist-optician serves well enough. Most persons that do not guess at their own needs in the matter of glasses either go to an oculist-optician and have him fit them out at from $2.50 to $15 or consult a friend. This last is the cheapest method, and it is a favorite one with thousands. The friend, who wears glasses, learns that the other is having some difficulty of sight and offers his own glasses on trial. If they seem to serve the need, the borrower goes to an optician or some other dealer in eyeglasses and gets a like pair. He thus saves the fee of the oculist or that of the oculist-optician.

Many persons buy eyeglasses of the dry goods shops. They sell them at from 50 cents to $1, and they look just like those that the opticians sell for $2.50. They are perhaps as safe for those whose affections of the eyes are not complicated, but they do not last so long as those of the opticians. They break at the delicate joints. The frames, if they have any, are brittle, and the tiny screws are weak or are put in so badly that they crack the lenses. The dry goods shops, however, cannot compete with the corner stands for the trade of a great many persons. There are plenty of old fellows that have been buying their glasses for almost nothing at corner stands any time these 40 years. They never spent a penny on oculists, and they despise opticians. The fact is that science of the eye has grown up since they began to use glasses, and having started without its aid they keep on in like fashion. It is only because they are not troubled with complicated affections of the eyes that they are able to preserve their sight in defiance of the modern specialist.—New York Sun.

Whittier's Patriotic Poems.

During these years of the antislavery struggle not only was Whittier's reputation as a poet growing steadily, but the people of the north and of the west were as steadily coming over to his side. Of course we cannot exactly measure the influence of a poem or song, but it may be almost irresistible. He was a wise man who was willing to let others make the laws of a people if only he could write their songs. Law is but the expression of public opinion, and when the ringing stanzas of the antislavery bards and the stirring speeches of the antislavery orators had awakened the conscience of the free states the end of the evil was nigh. Slavery made a hard fight for its life, but it was slavery that Whittier hated, and not the southern slave owners, and there is no bitterness or rancor in the poems published in 1863 and called "In War Time." And of these ballads of the battle years the best and the best beloved is "Barbara Freitchie," which was rather a tribute to the old flag than an attack upon those who were then in arms against it.—Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

Queer Cure For Toothache.

In Staffordshire and Shropshire, England, they have a most extraordinary cure for toothache. The sufferer watches a mole's runway with spade and traps, and as soon as he succeeds in capturing one of these reputed eyeless little animals cuts off its paw and quickly applies it to the aching molar. In order to make the cure sure and effective, the paw must be amputated while the mole is yet alive. Furthermore, if the aching tooth is on the right side of the jaw, a left hand mole paw must be used, and vice versa. A similar toothache superstition exists in the Cape Verde islands and also on the Canaries.—St. Louis Republic.

Sold.

A wag went to one of the stations of the Metropolitan railway one evening and finding the best seats all taken opened the door of a carriage and said:

"Why, this train isn't going."

A general stampede ensued, and the wag took the coveted seat in the corner.

In the midst of the general indignation he was asked:

"Why did you say the train wasn't going?"

"Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."—London Tit-Bits.

THE HEART IN OLD AGE.

A Misconception That Causes Humanity Needless Anxiety.

A story told by Dr. G. W. Balfour in his book on "The Senile Heart" well deserves the double purpose of marking the practical process which scientific medicine has achieved within the past 50 years and of administering a much needed word of comfort and encouragement to those numerous workers who, as age approaches, begin to feel uncomfortable about the regions of the heart.

"Many years ago," said Dr. Balfour, "a gentleman of 77 consulted me as to severe fainting fits to which he was liable. A distinguished consultant, since dead, had told him that these attacks were due to fatty degeneration of the heart and that treatment would be of no avail. The heart's impulse was imperceptible, the sounds faint, but pure, the arteries firm, but neither hard nor tortuous. I told the patient that experience had taught me that hearts supposed to be fatty were often weak. * * * The result of treatment was a steady improvement in health and in force of heart beat, and the patient lived to be 90 and did not die of heart failure in the end, but from senile asthenia." To many people "fatty heart" is a perfect bugbear. But this is what Dr. Balfour has to say about the diagnosis of the disease: "It is absolutely impossible to diagnosticate fatty degeneration of the heart.

"We may surmise its existence, but we can only be certain of its presence when we see it post mortem." If many middle aged and old men could but have this written deep upon the tablets of their consciousness, what loads would be lifted from their minds. Yet doctors of small experience roll out a diagnosis of fatty heart with sonorous satisfaction, unheeding that to many a trembling father of a family it is like the sound of a deathknell. On the question of treatment Dr. Balfour is equally decided. "We are often told," he says, "that there is danger in treating a fatty heart. * * * Yet the result of treatment in the case recorded was a cure, proving that a heart supposed to be fatty was only weak and that a life supposed to be over only wanted the fillip of a few minims of digitalis to carry it on to almost the extreme of human longevity." So, true is it, even in scientific medicine, that a little experience and common sense outweigh many shiploads of mere abstract theorizing.—London Hospital.

DIAMOND THIEVES.

The Trick They Use to Circumvent the Ever Watchful Dealers.

A diamond dealer recently interviewed gave some of his experiences as follows: "A few weeks ago a foreigner came into my store and desired to see rings. After choosing for a long time he picked out one valued at $18. He made me a ridiculously low offer, which I naturally refused. He then desired to see two other rings—one a sapphire and the other a diamond ring—exhibited in the show window. While I reached into the window for them I observed in the mirror on one side of the window how the stranger slipped away two rings, each worth $150. I did not turn around, but went to the door, opened and then locked it. If I had turned around, the thief would have thrown pepper and sand in my eyes and ran away with his booty. A policeman was soon in the place. The thief had the pepper and sand ready for use in his hand.

"Another time a thief dropped two rings into his umbrella, and at another time another slipped one into a hole in his glove. A very common trick of diamond thieves is to ask to be shown loose stones, which are thereupon handed to him lying upon a waiter. He breathes upon them, and thereby seeks to get one or more into his mouth. Others study the rings lying in the show window and have one made exactly to pattern described. The gold is good, but the jewel is paste. They then come in twilight into the store and seek to exchange their imitation for the genuine."—Jewelers' Circular.

Light Persons Poisoned by Ivy.

Mr. I. Ten Bosch writes from Rochelle Park, N. J., to Garden and Forest, saying:

"Whenever I see a tree in the embrace of a poison ivy, I take my knife and cut the vine. On the grounds of a few friends and on my own I have cut vines from 1½ to 2½ inches thick, sometimes at the root and sometimes as far up as I could reach, and then tearing down the stems have uprooted them with my hands. I have done this at all seasons, and when my hands were torn by blackberry thorns, but I never had a trace of poisoning. A friend to whom I mentioned my immunity said, 'Of course you are not poisoned, because you are dark.' Since then I have been thinking that in the cases of poisoning which had come to my knowledge the victims had been light haired. A younger brother of mine, who is very fair, has been severely poisoned."

Population of the World.

German geographers have made a careful estimate of the population of Africa, and place the total at 163,953,000, which is 42,240,000 more than the aggregated population of North and South America. Europe and Africa combined have a population of 521,332,000, though their area is not greater than that of all America. The new world has plenty of room for many times its present population of 121,713,000. The German estimate of the population of the world now is 1,480,000,000, and one of the best authorities of the Royal Statistical society says it will be increased by the year 2517 to 33,586,000,000.

Lucky.

A reporter, in describing the murder of a man named Jorkins, said, "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."—London Tit-Bits.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 830 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

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Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 246 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 389 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 8:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 47th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 550 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9232 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebrecht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 975 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 465 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 875 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kiense. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burs; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3d Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 269 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. [illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 392 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 2d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for..........$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered..........$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered..........$10.80

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WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
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OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for..........$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for..........$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only..........$9.75

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

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SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
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OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only..........$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is warranted a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail..........$10

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HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
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OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for..........$9.50

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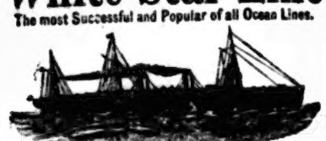

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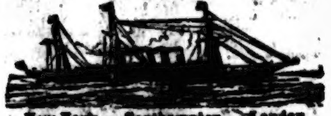

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